The Relief Society Magazine

VOL. 47 NO. 3
MARCH 1960

Cup of Faith

Margery S. Stewart

I know people like cherry boughs, who,
Smitten by snow, retain a beauty
Written in starkness, black and white
Reality of suffering.

Dark in pain they endure,
Shaken but unquailing,
Forsaken by all but sparrows . . .
Vulnerable. . . .

Stripped by the lightning's
Whim, seared trunk, shattered
Limb, yet year after year they
Draw from remembering roots

Gallantly,
Up to the farthest tip the liquid
Cup of their faith. Past
All time of bearing

They bring forth
Fruit from triumph of blossoms,
Mute trumpets of glory.
Let me be like them

In my own storms . . . all roots of my
Being waiting for the recurrence,
Seeing beyond tempest, sustenance
From his sure, unfailing springs.

The Cover: A Southern Mansion in Spring, With Dogwood in Bloom
Courtesy Chamber of Commerce, Atlanta, Georgia
Submitted by Lucile W. Bunker

Frontispiece: Springtime Blossoms
Luoma Photos

Cover Design by Evan Jensen

Cover Lithographed in Full Color by Deseret News Press

From Near and Far

It is so comfortable and enjoyable reading *The Relief Society Magazine*. I love it, and especially the lessons. They have increased and strengthened my testimony.

—Ilo Robbins Evans
Canyon, British Columbia
Canada

After forty-three years of continuous reading of *The Relief Society Magazine* I think I should add my bit of praise and thankfulness for so wonderful a publication — and it gets better all the time. It would be hard to single out one particular part as the best, as I take great joy in reading the *Magazine* from cover to cover. The editorials are especially fine and the clean, refreshing stories are always good. I loved Leola Seely Anderson's "The Miracle Mile" in the December 1959 issue. Thanks for the wonderful message from our beloved General Presidency of Relief Society, in January. It is inspiring.

—Lora H. Thompson
Malta, Idaho

I am a missionary in the Southern Far East Mission field, and I would like to congratulate the Relief Society on receiving the Simpson-Lee Paper Company Award for the December 1958 cover of the *Magazine* (see December 1959, page 805). I wish to express my thanks for the lovely *Magazine*, and the beautiful covers. . . . The stories are wonderful, and the poems are good. I love the whole *Magazine*.

—Esther Julia Smith
Southern Far East Mission

I have been reading the *Magazine* since I was a young girl in my mother's home. The stories and articles are all interesting, and I especially enjoy the recipes and homemaker's articles. I had the privilege of knowing Grace Ingles Frost and have always felt it a treat to have known one who can express the beauties of the world around us as ably as she does. I especially enjoyed her poem "The Edge of Summer" (September 1959).

—Mrs. Ann B. Porter
La Puente, California

Since I found *The Relief Society Magazine* at the library in our branch, I have read as many copies of the *Magazine* as possible. Even though I have to look up the English-Japanese dictionary here and there, I am deeply moved by many articles that my unknown sisters wrote with the faith. I always find at least a story in the *Magazine* that I cannot read through without tears, deeply impressed. Nowadays I am busy reading the *Magazines* of the back numbers. . . . I dared to take up my pen to write to you, feeling that I must tell you how much I am thankful for *The Relief Society Magazine*.

—Seiko Takeda
Tokyo, Japan

Just an expression of gratitude for this ever-helpful, exciting little *Magazine*, which I appreciate more and more as the years pass by. And now that I help to sell it (as a representative), my interest and enthusiasm have increased. As we start a new decade and look back on the past one, I am reminded that ten years ago I wasn't a subscriber, nor did I know of the *Magazine*, nor was I a Latter-day Saint. What I might have been missing all these years if I had not come as a stranger to a Latter-day Saint community. . . . I am still thrilled to be a member of the Church, a member of my ward, and a member of Relief Society.

—Norma M. ZoBell
Raymond, Alberta
Canada

The Relief Society Magazine, with its beautiful covers, its just-right size, and interesting variety of contents, is very dear to me. The lesson material gives us a second chance to go to school when we really appreciate it more. So many inspirational articles, beautiful and fitting poetry, and stories that bring tears and smiles, are all uplifting to our souls. I was especially impressed with the story "The Bishop's Wife," by Sylvia Probst Young, in April 1959, and also the poem "To Benjamin Franklin," by Elsie McKinnon Strachan, in the July issue. Thanks for all of it.

—Irene Andrus
Sunland, California

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - - - - President
Marianne C. Sharp - - - - - - - - First Counselor
Louise W. Madsen - - - - - - - - - Second Counselor
Hulda Parker - - - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Anna B. Hart, Edith S. Elliott, Florence J. Madsen, Leone G. Layton, Blanche B. Stoddard, Evon W. Peterson, Aleine M. Young, Josie B. Bay, Christine H. Robinson, Alberta H. Christensen, Mildred B. Eyring, Charlotte A. Larsen, Edith P. Backman, Winnifred S. Manwaring, Elna P. Haymond, Annie M. Ellsworth, Mary R. Young, Mary V. Cameron, Afton W. Hunt, Weallha S. Mendenhall, Pearle M. Olsen, Elsa T. Peterson, Irene B. Woodford, Fanny S. Kienitz, Elizabeth B. Winters, LaRue H. Rosell, Jennie R. Scott

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - - - - Vesta P. Crawford
General Manager - - - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford

VOL. 47 MARCH 1960 NO. 3

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Beauty in the Home ..... Christine H. Robinson 148
Spiritual Living — Pathway to Peace ..... Blaine M. Porter 157
The Southern States Mission ..... Preston R. Nibley 164
The American Red Cross and Its Campaign for Members and Funds ..... Theodore V. Houser 178
An Ounce of Precaution ..... Mabel Harmer 186
The Relief Society Magazine in Durban, South Africa ..... Muriel Wilson 206

FICTION

The Fishbite Story — Third Prize Story ..... Dorothy Clapp Robinson 151
A Place for Everything ..... Charmaine Kohler 166
Offerings of the Heart ..... Frances C. Yost 189
With a Song in My Heart ..... Mabel Law Atkinson 191
The New Day — Chapter 6 ..... Hazel K. Todd 197

GENERAL FEATURES

From Near and Far 146
Sixty Years Ago 172
Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 173
Editorial: The Refining Influence of Relief Society ..... Louise W. Madsen 174
Notes to the Field: Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission
Relief Societies for 1959 176
Index for 1959 **Relief Society Magazine** Available 178
Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue 185
Notes From the Field: Relief Society Activities ..... Hulda Parker 201
Birthday Congratulations 208

FEATURES FOR THE HOME

Recipes From the Southern States Mission ..... Lucile W. Bunker 179
Whys, Wherefores, and Fun With Green Plants ..... Maude N. Howard 181
Dreams ..... Celia Luce 190
A Peppermint-Stick Party ..... Helen S. Williams 194
Kathryn A. Carne — Artist, Nurse, Homemaker 196
A Quick Fade-Out ..... Sylvia Pezoldt 204
Reward of Obedience ..... Flora J. Isgreen 207

POETRY

Cup of Faith—Frontispiece ..... Margery S. Stewart 145
Rain Song ..... Maude Rubin 150
Bluebird ..... Eva Willes Wangsgaard 163
March Time ..... Enola Chamberlin 171
Miraculous Advent ..... Ida Elaine James 175
Morning ..... Zara Sabin 188
This I Know ..... Mabel Jones Gabbott 196
Hilltop Dawn ..... Ethel Jacobson 207
Bubbles ..... Christie Lund Coles 208
Spring ..... Nancy W. Wilcox 208

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Copyright 1959 by General Board of Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Editorial and Business Offices: 76 North Main, Salt Lake City 11, Utah: Phone EMpire 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $2.00 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; 20c a copy; payable in advance. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

Beauty in the Home

Christine H. Robinson
Member, General Board of Relief Society

(Address Delivered at the General Session of the Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 7, 1959)

RECENTLY, a national magazine featured an unusual family that lives in an unusual place. This family makes its home at the bottom of a steep canyon on the winding Snake River. Here, without many of the common household conveniences to which all of us are accustomed, including electricity, the parents have reared eleven children. We are told that theirs is a happier, more satisfying life than that of most conventional householders. In this secluded canyon, the parents and children depend upon each other for companionship, and upon a colorful wilderness for enjoyment and recreation. One of the children remarked, "As for television, who needs that when one lives in an enchanted canyon?"

I am not personally acquainted with the members of this family nor the circumstances under which they have built their unusual home. Furthermore, I am sure that not all of us could or would want to live in an isolated canyon. Yet, I am impressed with the fact that without many of the physical home conveniences, which we feel are so necessary to our own happiness, this family, apparently, has built much beauty into its home.

I am sure all of us strive to make our homes places of beauty. Many of us search long and hard to find just the right piece of furniture, the right accessories and color scheme, to achieve this beauty. Surely, the physical beauty of a home is important to our comfort and well-being. Still, another type of beauty is far more essential. This beauty is an atmosphere, a climate, the spirit of the home, the attitude of its inhabitants one toward the other. At first glance these may seem intangibles, but, actually, they are as real and as accessible as the smile on your face, the friendly light in your eyes, the kind words on your lips, and the expression of love and understanding in your heart. This is the type of beauty which you may not be able to touch or to describe, but you can feel and sense it the very moment you enter a home

The beauty of which I speak is well within the reach of everyone. It can be found in the humblest cottage, in the tiniest apartment, as well as in a palatial home. And, as with most great things in life, it is free for the asking. We can buy palatial homes and extravagant furnishings, but we cannot give silver or gold for peace or happiness. We can pay for pleasures and luxuries, but we cannot buy love.

Still, many of us are prone to think of beauty only in its objective, physical state. Yet, the wise men of the ages, who have attempt-

ed to define and analyze beauty, all agree that its spiritual aspects are of paramount importance. Socrates, Aristotle, Plato, and Aquinas, all describe beauty as synonymous with truth, goodness, harmony, unity, and tranquility. These are values well within the reach of all of us and, through their application, we can bring a feeling of serenity, peace, and rest into our homes. In a home where this type of beauty is present, jealousy, fear, and insecurity are banished and replaced with settled courage, faith, and trust.

Think back with me into the early experiences in your home life. What are the pleasant things that come first to your mind? Are they the big things associated with material possessions, or are they the simple, little, heart-warming things, such as the fragrance of newly baked bread, the feeling of "togetherness" as you met daily around the kitchen or dining table, the spiritual uplift of family prayers, the memory of loving friends stopping in for a chat and a piece of grandmother's wonderful apple pie? Do you remember the little acts of thoughtfulness and kindness your mother performed each day — the smile on her face, and the fact that she was always there to mend a bruised knee or a broken heart? Today, in our busy schedules, are we providing these types of surroundings and these memories for our children? These are the so-called intangible qualities which are so important, if we would have real and lasting beauty in our homes.

ALL of us need beauty to make our lives complete. And we all have that beauty within us, though we express it in different ways. The poet expresses it in words; the artist uses canvas and colors; the sculptor, stone. The mother expresses it in the tender love for her child. Each one of us in our everyday contact with one another can express the beauty within us. We can mingle with one another in a spirit of consideration and thoughtfulness. We can be gentle, patient, and courteous. We can govern our actions with a kindly regard for others. We can radiate cheerfulness wherever we go. For cheerfulness, also, is an expression of beauty, and it will reflect in the attitude of everyone we meet, just as surely as a beautiful flower drooping over the edge of a pond reflects in the water.

A few days ago a friend of mine told me how her six-year-old brought her back abruptly to reality and the importance of cheerfulness. It was one of those busy, frustrating mornings, and my friend was hurrying through her work with what must have been a grim expression on her face, when she noticed her daughter looking at her intently. Finally the little girl said: "I was just thinking, Mama, how *pretty* your face is when you *smile*."

In the home where spiritual beauty is stressed you will find kindness, for kindness dwells in each member's heart. You will find good-humored tolerance of others, because forgiveness is practiced. You will find courtesy, for people who have formed the habit of being kind, loving, and patient are naturally courteous.

Like many of you, I was blessed in having a wise grandmother who was also a fine cook. She brought many choice recipes with her from

the "old country." One day she was sharing a recipe with a friend and, after telling her to take so many cups of this and tablespoons of that, grandmother finished with, "But remember, Carrie, if the soup is to be a success, you must also add a generous amount of grace." To me, a young child, this seemed very strange. I hadn't seen any cans on our cupboard shelves marked "grace," and I told grandmother so. I shall always remember her reply. "My dear, no matter what you do in life, whether it's making Danish soup, singing a lullaby, or writing a book, if you would know the true flavor of living, you must give generously of yourself, of your sweet spirit, of your love. You must add grace."

Let us add grace to our lives. And let us remember that lasting, permanent beauty in our hearts and in our homes is made up of encouraging words, loving deeds, sympathy expressed, heartaches healed, a kiss, a smile, a song which makes us feel light-hearted, free, and glad. These are tried links which, when bound together, make a golden chain of beauty around our door. May we all strive to gain such beauty in our souls and in our homes is my humble prayer.

Rain Song

Maude Rubin

The robin sings to the springtime rain
Long before there is breath of rain,
Long before there is hint of warmth;
When every ridge and every roof
Gives visible proof
Of winter.
Visible? Yet can the heart see rain
When the night
Is white?

So does the robin sing to the rain,
Asking again
That her slender fingers braid the willow,
Drip crystal jewels to bead the yellow
Forsythia . . .
Drape a fringe of glittering fires
On telephone wires,
Prisms of light before the sun
Warms earth sufficiently to prove that done
Is winter rule. Oh, truly myth is a
World of winter
When robin-song is a silver splinter
To pierce the clouds,
To sift the rain.

Third Prize Story

Annual Relief Society Short Story Contest

The Fishbite Story

Dorothy Clapp Robinson

DOROTHY CLAPP ROBINSON

PAPA said there would not be enough potatoes to last until Thanksgiving, if Mama didn't quit digging them as fast as they reached the size of a marble.

"Then Emmy *would* starve." His voice sounded the way it does when he wants you to think he is cross.

I was cross. He knows my name is Emma Loretta and I am not a baby to be called "Emmy."

Mama didn't answer. She just went on tieing her bonnet strings. Then she picked up an old kitchen fork and a pan and went out. Janie and I followed but were sent back for our bonnets. Mama wouldn't let us dig. She said Janie was too small, and she was afraid I would break the roots of the potato vines.

Our city lot was planted to all potatoes this year. All except where the barn and the chicken coop are. Oh, yes, and the gooseberry and currant patch and the regular garden.

Mama would go along the row and scratch carefully until she found a potato big enough to cook. Then she would break it carefully away, put it in the pan, then pat the ground around the vine again.

She was not digging them for us to eat. I should say not. Every last potato was going to Eastdale. Same with the carrots and turnips and the beet greens. She had thinned them so many times Papa said next time he would broadcast the seed. There had been no rain in Eastdale, and the dab of water stored in the little reservoir above town had been used on pastures before the gardens were planted. I wished we didn't have water. Then I wouldn't have to pull weeds.

Sunday was conference in Manassa. Mama said she wasn't going. She was taking the garden truck to Eastdale. Any other time Papa would have said "Wait until Monday," but this time he didn't. I loved going to Eastdale after we got there.

We left real early and when we passed through La Cerritos no one was up except the old man with the

sheep. We had to wait while his dog hurried them across the little bridge over the creek. I was a little afraid of him. He had no teeth and something was wrong with his upper lip. He smiled and said "Buenos Dias." Mama nodded but didn't say anything, but then she never does.

I was hungry and wanted to stop and eat our picnic, but Mama said no we just had breakfast.

"Goodness golly . . ." Janie said.

"There is no such word as goodness golly," I corrected her.

"Goodness gwacious. Breakfast was a long time." Mama didn't answer her either.

What a road. The buggy jerked from one big chuckhole to another. Janie clung to Mama and I clung to the seat.

"See the cat-tules," Janie cried when we turned east.

"Say either cattails or tules," I told her, "but *not cat-tules.*"

THE meadows were soft green and cattails were growing in water alongside the road. We could see devil-bugs and mosquitoes skittering along on top of the water.

"Why don't they have their own potatoes?" I meant the people in Eastdale.

"Their seed didn't come up."

"Why didn't they plant some more, or buy grub from the store in Manassa?"

"They spent their money on seed, and seed won't germinate in dry soil."

"What does that mean?"

"It means they need rain."

"Papa said tomorrow they pray for rain at conference." Janie thought we didn't know that.

"Well," I looked up at the big, bright sky, "there have to be big clouds before it can rain."

"Uh-uh," Janie contradicted. "Once was a cloud big as a man's hand and it rained. My Sunday School teacher said so."

"That was a long time ago and it doesn't count." Then I thought of something. "If it rains will Willie come alive?" Willie was our baby brother who was buried in Eastdale.

Mama turned so she could see in my eyes. "What in the world are you talking about?"

"The Fishbite," Janie said.

"She means Tishbite. You know, Elijah, in the Bible. He made it rain and he made the widow's son come alive. 'Course, you are not a widow but I hope it is Willie."

Mama went back to her driving.

"Anyway," I said it real loud, "a cloud big as a man's hand wouldn't fill a dishpan."

I guess dishpan reminded us and we looked back. The space between the seats was filled with garden truck covered with wet gunny sacks. There was butter, too, for besides churning all our cream, Mama had borrowed two pounds from Mrs. Whitney.

"Could I have a handful of peas?" I asked.

"Certainly not."

I knew I couldn't but might as well ask. "I am hungry."

Pretty soon I asked, "Don't they have a teeny-weeny bit?" Of food I meant.

"They have very little. What would they eat when they have no garden?"

"Candy."

I thought Mama was going to spat me but she didn't. Janie and I laughed and laughed.

Finally we came to a big ditch

that crossed the road. Mama unhitched the team and let them drink. Then they browsed on the grass along the fence while we ate our picnic.

Soon after starting again we ran into broken hills with rabbit-brush and greasewood between. Then suddenly I saw the bridge over the Rio Grande. I could not see the river for it was down in the canyon. There were three mud huts back a piece from the rim. Papa said once there had been a trading post here. A Mexican lived in one of the huts and his dogs ran snarling and barking at us.

THE bridge was high and black, and it was real scary when the horses' clop-clop sounded on the boards. I closed my eyes and didn't move. I didn't want to look down at the water. It was too far down, but I knew it was green and ripply.

"If I fall it will take a whole year to hit the water."

I opened my eyes and Janie was leaning over trying to see the water. I pushed her back against Mama and held tight to her. "No, sir," I told her. "It wouldn't take more than a day."

Then I heard Mama take a long breath and I knew we were off the bridge. We rode through more rocks and boulders and then we came to the sand hills. The sun was oven-hot and we drank and drank from Mama's waterbag. I wanted to eat but Mama said no. Then the next thing I knew Janie and I were both waking up and Mama was sitting between us. We were on the last hill above Eastdale.

"Look," Mama cried, "there isn't a green leaf anywhere." She sounded real worried.

The sand crunched under our wheels. I could see a million diamonds sparkling in the sand, but Mama wouldn't let me get any. She said it was just mica. We went down into the creek bottoms that used to be meadows, then up on a little bench and down it again to Miller's place. Hattie and Albert ran to meet us when their mother opened the gate.

After we helped unload we each had a slice of bread and butter left from our picnic. Then we ran out to play. I liked having no water. The ditch bottom was covered with soft white sand that squashed between our toes. The willows along the ditchbanks looked like queer feather dusters. The cows had eaten the leaves and bark up as far as they could reach. Brown dusters, of course.

When Sister Miller called that it was time to go for the cows we all went to the herd corral. Pete Moser had been herding that day and he had the cows there ahead of us. They were bawling and pushing against the bars. They were nothing but rough hide over bones. Their bags looked like they had already been milked. Pete was dusty and tired and his lips were cracked. Maybe no water would not be much fun after all.

WE didn't have to drive the Miller cows home. They just about ran, especially the last block, and their bags flopped back and forth spilling some of the milk they did have. Elmer, Hattie's married brother, was at the well when we caught up with the cows. He

drew water in a bucket from the well and poured it in a trough for them, but they still wanted more when he quit.

"Water is getting mighty low," I heard him tell his mother. "The bucket came up half full each time."

We had some of our new peas and potatoes for supper. After their first helping I saw Hattie and Albert look at their mother. Her lips went tighter together, but she gave each of us a small helping. She wanted Mama to eat more but Mama said no thanks she wasn't hungry. I was about to ask for more, but I looked at Mama and changed my mind. I took back my wish about no water. I didn't know why it had to be boss of everything.

When we had family prayers that night Sister Miller prayed for rain. I didn't know her voice could be so soft. I got a prickly feeling all over and then before I knew I was saying the words right along with her. I wanted every place in the world to have plenty of water so every child could have more than one potato for supper.

We prayed for rain again the next morning, but so far it hadn't done any good. The sun was just as hot and the ground just as dry as ever. Hattie and I drove the cows to the herd corral. Frank Hesse was taking the herd out today and his little brother, Jim, was helping get them started. Jim didn't look hungry.

"We had potatoes and gravy for breakfast," he boasted.

"Don't be smart," Hattie told him. "We gave you the potatoes."

"No, sir, it was. . . ." I swallowed hard so I would not say the next words. When Mama gives something she does not say who shall have part of it.

But we didn't have potatoes and gravy for breakfast. We had nothing.

"We are all fasting," Sister Miller said. Then she saw our faces. "It is the least we can do. People over the stake are fasting and praying for rain. The food they don't eat will be sent to us."

"But we already gave our share," I told Mama.

"Emma," her voice made me catch my breath, "you have given nothing until you have done without yourself." I wasn't sure what else that meant but it sure meant no breakfast.

Instead of Sunday School, they had testimony meeting, and it wasn't even the day for it. It was a very good meeting, but they all talked about water. They started out by singing "Did You Think to Pray?" Everyone told about his many blessings. Old Grandpa Hesse said the people hadn't been living right, and this was their punishment.

Elmer, who was conducting, for the Bishop was at conference, said we were being tried, and if we proved faithful the Lord would still bless us. I thought Grandpa Hesse might be right. Anyway Elijah made the rain not come because the people were wicked. I sure hoped if the people were wicked, they would not have to wait three years for rain. That is a long time to be hungry.

WHEN I came out of the little log meetinghouse the sun nearly blinded me and the gravel in the yard was hot through my shoes. Everyone looked to the sky, but there wasn't even a baby's hand-sized cloud. I was about to die by

the time dinner was ready. Mama and Sister Miller didn't eat. I heard Mama say she would bring more food next week.

"For goodness sake," I said, chewing fast on my bread and butter, "we want some left for ourselves."

Something happened to Sister Miller's face, and right quick I was full up. I asked forgiveness in a hurry, and when no one was looking I put my bread on Hattie's plate.

Later, our mamas said they were going to the graveyard and did we want to go along. It was on a knoll that was the driest and lonesomest place I had ever seen. Even the sand lilies were dead. There were seven graves and two of them were ours. I couldn't remember our big brother, but I could remember what a sweet cuddly baby Willie had been. I held Janie's hand tight. I looked at Mama. She never cries out loud but her face made me swallow hard. I looked around for something to do.

One of the graves had a hole in it. I looked all around the sky and kept looking. There wasn't a sign of a cloud so I guessed a coyote had dug it, and we could fill a coyote hole. The grave belonged to some people from Taos.

We started by carrying dirt in our hands. That was too slow. If I used my bonnet Mama would notice mighty fast, so I decided to use my dress. Pretty soon we were all using our dresses. Albert scooped the dirt and we took turns having our laps filled. The dirt was so fine it scooped easy, but we sure looked a mess when we had finished and we were all choked for a drink. Then Mama noticed.

"That Emma," she told everyone, "can think of more mischief. Next time, young lady, you will be left at home."

"But, Mama," Janie said, "if the Fishbite was going to bring someone alive we didn't want it to be that one."

Sister Miller didn't understand what Janie meant, but she said water was getting scarce for washing, even.

I didn't hear what else she said, for just then a big whirl of wind flew by and filled our eyes and noses with dust. By the time we were through spluttering and coughing, we were all shivering. Right in this hot weather, only it wasn't hot any more. Then the earth tore apart with a crack that made us jump. We looked toward Ute Mountain. We could not see the mountain, for a storm of dust was coming our way like mad. Thunder crackled again and lightning split the sky. Beyond it came mountains and mountains of clouds.

"*Oh,*" Sister Miller said, and it sounded like a prayer.

I held my breath, watching. If this was the end of the world all these graves should come alive. I grabbed Janie as a big drop of water hit me right on the nose. I started to say, "It is raining," but all the faces were being pelted. Sister Miller started to shake, and Mama set her down on a flat tombstone.

"*It can't be,*" she said over and over. But even Janie could see it was, and we were getting wet. The dust on our hands and dresses had turned to mud.

"Run, all of you," Mama called, and we ran. I held Janie's hand, and Hattie held Albert's, and we

nearly ran their legs off.

Going to the graveyard hadn't been far, but coming back was a long way. The rain came harder and faster and thunder cracked like a mad dog at our heels. We stood around in the kitchen but kept getting colder so we went into the bedroom and changed our clothes.

When Mama and Sister Miller came they were walking like they were going to church. Their bonnets looked like draggled chicken feathers. They didn't even scold us for making tracks all over the scrubbed board floor. After they had changed their clothes they set supper on. The rain was still coming down in sheets and every time Sister Miller looked she offered us more to eat. For once I really had enough.

The cows came home by themselves long before milking time. Sister Miller was talking about lighting the lamp when the meetinghouse bell began to ring. The way it rang it said for us to go there. Mama said she would put the children to bed, but Sister Miller said no they must go.

So we went to the meetinghouse again. We ran and we wore coats, but we were nearly soaked by the time we got there. Elmer had a fire in the big stove and was lighting the extra lamps. We held our coats close to the stove so they could dry. All they did was steam.

When everyone was there Elmer said it was fitting that we give thanks for this life-saving rain. Grandpa Hesse said it would have to rain more than this to save the country. From all over the room people whispered, "It will. It will." And it did.

Then we all sang "Now Let Us Rejoice." Sister Miller really pumped the squeaky old organ and the voices rose in a mighty chorus. I had heard that somewhere.

It rained so long and so hard we didn't get home until Wednesday.

WHEN Papa was digging potatoes that fall Janie and I got plenty tired picking them up.

"There are too many," I grumbled.

"Thank your mother for that," Papa said, "All the cultivating she did with that fork brought a heavy crop."

Mama was helping. Now she straightened and said, "No. It was the Fishbite."

My mouth dropped open and I stared. Then I saw Papa give her his special look, and she smiled as she does sometimes.

Dorothy Clapp Robinson, Boise, Idaho, is well-known to readers of the *Magazine*, having written many short stories and serials. "Since being a Relief Society Short Story Contest winner in 1954," Mrs. Robinson tells us, "my grandchildren have increased to twenty-five. Our son Philemon has returned from presiding over the Finnish Mission; our daughter has come back from Germany, where her husband was stationed as a serviceman, and our *other* twin has twins, which makes three sets for the family, four if I count myself. We had a reunion last summer, with *all* members of our family present.

"I was born in Eastdale, Colorado. My husband, P. B. Robinson, Sr., was reared in Old Mexico. I have served in all the women's auxiliaries of the Church on a ward and stake level, except Primary, but including teacher training and genealogy. At present I am teaching the theology course in Relief Society. I am a charter member of the Idaho Writers League, and have had one book published, and sixteen serials, as well as many short stories and articles."

Spiritual Living – Pathway to Peace

Elder Blaine M. Porter
Professor and Chairman of Human Development and Family Relationships, Brigham Young University

(Address Delivered at Departmental Meeting, Annual General Relief Society Conference, October 8, 1959)

An Era of Confusion and Insecurity

THIS is the nuclear age and living in a nuclear age forces us to deal with many challenges. Even though we have many luxuries and comforts of living which our grandparents did not even dream of, I'm sure that our task of adjusting to and meeting the challenges which face us far surmounts the kinds of problems which our grandparents faced.

These are confusing times. The daily headlines carrying evidences of fear and anxiety in high places fill us with this same fear and anxiety. The large black banners of war, strikes, atom and hydrogen bomb experiments, and guided missiles multiply this confusion. Radio and television programs discussing these problems, often in a passionate and pessimistic manner, arouse feelings of uneasiness and confusion in our youth and in ourselves.

Parents are confused; teachers are perplexed; Congressmen and statesmen disagree, and military personnel argue as to the size of the armed forces and need for mobilization. Authority, in many respects, including religion, is being questioned, and old ways of life are being replaced with new ones or unfamiliar ones. The advancement of the jet age, which is making of countries which were history and geography book fantasylands of yesterday, our next-door neighbors of today, is adding new challenges in human relations.

An Era of Great Potentiality

Concomitant with this confusion and anxiety are the potential accomplishments for good in the foreseeable future which could result from the remarkable developments in the physical sciences. If the peace of the world can be kept, if we are able to develop sufficient skill in getting along with one another, both within our communities and in the world at large, it is quite probable that the last half of the twentieth century will record the greatest material changes in the history of our civilization. If we are able, creatively, to handle the problems which face us and to be somewhat philosophical about the unfinished world in which we live, we can quite honestly say that we are now living in the most exciting era of all times. The remarkable advancements which potentially exist in the peaceful use of nuclear energy are legion.

This is an age, too, in which the advances made in nutrition, health education, and medicine, are not only making it possible for men to live longer, but, at the same time, have removed many of our most dreaded diseases and appear to be on the threshold of conquering numerous others.

Balancing the Scales

The accomplishments in the physical sciences are so remarkable in comparison with advances in other areas of living that the scales are out of balance. We have sent atomic submarines underneath the ice cap covering the region surrounding the North Pole, satellites circling the earth and traveling to the moon, and have conquered many of our feared diseases. The advancements in the area of travel and communication have altered our lives in many ways. If we are to put these many accomplishments to use for the betterment of mankind, rather than its destruction, we must balance the scales with the attributes of maturity, love, and spirituality.

Today, increasing numbers of people are beginning to understand that the fundamental problem of the human race is to learn how to live together in peace and harmony. No matter how many rockets we launch to the moon nor how many scientific instruments the rockets carry, they still cannot teach us much about human development and behavior. Guided missiles or hydrogen bombs do not pick themselves up in one city and drop themselves on another city. Such destructive actions occur only through the motivations and directions of human beings. As long as we have leaders of nations who are characterized by immaturity, jealousy, greed, and hostility, we will continue to live in an anxious age threatened by the fear of suffering and destruction.

Challenge to Develop Harmonious Human Relationship

The challenges which lie before us are clear. Advances in the physical sciences must be balanced with achievements in the social order and understanding of human behavior. We must change our way of thinking; we must change our way of feeling. Instead of hating, fighting, and crushing one another, we must seek to build our lives upon the principles of righteousness as taught and exemplified by our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. These challenges may not be easy for some because of the attraction which the glitter and ease of following other paths may have. The gospel of Jesus Christ beckons us to follow the high road wherein we dedicate ourselves to the eternal values of noble and righteous living. Anything less than this may mean the decline, if not the destruction, of our civilization, and it obviously will result in a less abundant life than is potentially within each of us.

Need for Emotional Maturity

The significant problem at hand is: *Can we meet the challenge?* If we are to meet successfully the challenges and responsibilities of living meaningfully and spiritually in a nuclear age, it is essential that we develop a clear understanding of emotional and religious maturity and that we exert every effort toward increasing the degree and quality of our maturity in these aspects and in nurturing its growth in our children. An individual grows and develops in many different ways from the time of conception through infancy, childhood, adolescence, adulthood, and, in some respects, as long as he lives. In fact, we may be correct in speculating that developing emotional maturity is an eternal process. De-

termining whether or not an individual is appropriately mature for his age is not a quick or easy job; however, there are certain traits which seem to represent maturity that should be helpful to us. As we attempt to evaluate our own emotional maturity, we must be as objective and honest as possible.

The Role of Emotional Maturity

The role of a mature adult living in a nuclear age can never be one of passive and uncritical acceptance. It must be a role in which we participate in creative and objective evaluations of the many new forces, alternatives, and decisions which we surely must face. The mature adult is one who thinks, meditates, values, tries to foresee consequences, and is actively confronting life and trying to do what needs to be done to improve life. The mature person is not afraid of life; rather he actively seeks to face it on as many fronts as his capacities and limitations permit, to live as an effective person in a rapidly changing society of today. The mature person must have graduated from home and school with an awareness of what will be expected of him by society. He should have successfully developed from the stage of thinking, "Please help me," to "I can take care of myself," to "Please let me help you."

There is an urgency for a mature leadership in our society and communities. A mature person, because he understands himself and others, is better prepared to meet the tasks of everyday life with more confidence and is, therefore, more capable of wisely and intelligently leading others.

Emotional maturity is essential to the Latter-day Saint concept of progression, for certainly this is one of the ways in which eternal growth and development have the potential to occur. Many of the challenges of the gospel of Jesus Christ require the characteristics of an emotionally mature person in order to accomplish them successfully. Without taking the time to cite numerous scriptural quotations, let us recognize that one cannot possess the skill and ability genuinely to love, forgive, be concerned about the welfare and well-being of others, without being appropriately mature for one's age. If we are to live the teachings of Christ and be prepared for leadership in our society, as well as in the kingdom of God, it is important that we make a concerted effort toward increasing our emotional maturity.

We cannot become emotionally mature all at once. We advance toward it little by little. Each step we take in this direction will lead us and our fellow men from a world in which there is considerable chaos and confusion toward a world characterized by those elements which will make up the kingdom of heaven on earth.

Need for Religious Maturity

In addition to exerting our efforts diligently toward achieving more emotional maturity is the serious need of growing toward greater religious maturity. The true gospel of Jesus Christ is not a religion consisting of essentially juvenile formulations, but rather a religion which encourages the individual to develop all the characteristically human powers within him. When Jesus of Nazareth said, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father

which is in heaven is perfect," he was extending an invitation to maturity.

Religious maturity is built not only upon belief (faith), but also upon behavior (works). It is directly related to, if not dependent upon, the parallel development of emotional maturity. Certainly such characteristics or attributes as acceptance of self and others, adaptability and flexibility, orientation to environment, an integrated philosophy of life, acceptance of responsibilities, and knowledge must be present in order for the religious maturing process to occur.

Traits of Religious Maturity

1. Knowledge and awareness of "the abundant life." The religiously mature person must assume responsibility for gaining all the knowledge he possibly can regarding the context of the abundant life as taught and exemplified by the Savior. He sees it as a growing process and recognizes that progression in the direction of achieving the abundant life comes through diligent study, reflective thinking, and communion with the Creator.

2. Spiritual freedom. If the individual is to be encouraged or even permitted to experience the potentialities within him for spiritual living and religious maturity, he must have an environment in which he can exercise his freedom of the soul. A social environment which seeks to enforce conformity of thinking and which is highly critical of spiritual exploration would appear to discourage the freedom which God intended men to have.

3. Growth toward wholeness. The spiritual life is a balanced life in which one does not overdo some phases of living to the serious neglect of others.

Life for the religiously mature person consists of growth toward wholeness. Perhaps this is what Paul had in mind when he said:

> When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things (First Corinthians 13:11).

The religiously mature adult is developing a comprehensive philosophy of life which provides coherence to the world about him and enables him to make his life harmonious with it.

4. Practical (dynamic) application of religious beliefs. The gospel which Christ taught is a religion of doing, a religion of positive action. The religiously mature person within the framework of Christianity must, of necessity, be involved in a life of dynamic action. The religiously mature person is not only concerned with his awareness of religious teachings, but he is genuinely concerned with developing the skills to apply them.

5. The sense of glory in life. The religiously mature person recognizes that glories surround him. He stands in reverent amazement of the many elements which constitute the universe and life that are beyond his own comprehension — beyond his own accomplishment. Reverence for life inevitably results in humility — a hallmark of the religiously mature person.

With this kind of approach to living, an individual is able to see beneath the surface — see beyond the horizons. He has the ability to sense the inwardness of things. And,

likewise, the religiously mature individual senses the inwardness of people. He sees the potentialities within them and constantly seeks to move toward the goal of helping himself and other people. He seeks as Socrates prayed: "Make me beautiful in the inward soul and may the inward and the outward be as one." The abundant life might be interpreted as consisting mainly of loving God, loving oneself, and loving one's fellow men.

6. Acting in faith. The religiously mature person acts in faith, and because of his faith, he has an optimistic view of the future. Faith not only serves as a dynamic force to impel us on to greater things, but it can serve, also, as an anchor which can help provide a feeling of security much needed in the rapidly changing and complex world of today. The importance of faith along with love was pointed out when we were told: "And if you have not faith, hope, and charity, you can do nothing" (D & C 18:19).

The Role of Religious Maturity

The demands of living spiritually in any age, but particularly in this nuclear age, require the traits, characteristics, and qualities of religious and emotional maturity. As man has developed the almost unbelievable mechanical advances which may permit him to destroy himself, the ability to love and to forgive becomes even more essential than in the past. Our own personal development should be of vital concern to all of us. Paul told us, in essence, that no matter how many other things we have, that without love in our hearts and in our lives, we are "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal" — we are nothing.

If we are to maintain good mental health and achieve a feeling of personal satisfaction and security, we must counteract the unrest and anxiety which exist in the world with knowledge and awareness of the abundant life. We must insure the conditions which will permit freedom of the soul in order that independently we can make the best of our lives. Our planetal awareness in the nuclear age emphasizes the importance of growth toward wholeness in order that we may develop an attitude of outreach and inclusiveness. Our skills of applying and practicing our religious beliefs must be perfected so that faith will be matched with works. If we can develop a sense of glory in life, a reverence for life, perhaps we will seek to nurture and enhance life rather than destroy it. Then, acting in faith, we can exert our every effort toward achieving good works and toward improving the life situation.

The Powerful Influence of the Home

The home is one of the most powerful influences affecting the development of emotional and religious maturity. The degree and quality of emotional and religious maturity which are developed in the home are closely related to what is expressed in the behavior of parents. During the early years, the home plays a most significant role in determining whether or not one is helped to lay away childish ways of reacting and encouraged to develop new and more mature ways of thinking and behaving.

We cannot become mature all

at once. We advance toward it little by little. We are yet imperfect human beings on our way toward perfection, but each step that we take ourselves and help our children take, leads us closer to the fulfillment of living the gospel of Jesus Christ.

A great responsibility falls upon the home to produce loving personalities, individuals with feeling of respect and value for mankind, and skills of putting into practice Christian ideals and teachings. Our world can only be as effectively safe and secure as are the homes that constitute it.

Walking the Spiritual Road

Our challenge, then, is to find a way in which parents can join hands with each other and with their children to travel the spiritual road. The spiritual road has Christ as its ideal, not the gratification of the physical, for he that will save his life, yielding to the first gratification of a seeming need, would lose his life, lose his happiness, lose the pleasure of living at this present time. If he would seek the *real* purpose of life, the individual must live for something higher than self. He hears the Savior's voice saying, "I am the way, the truth, and the life . . ." (John 14:6).

The Quest for Peace in Society

The need for world peace is obvious. No matter how gloomy the picture may appear at times, one optimistic fact exists — each one of us can make a contribution toward achieving world peace and good will toward men. It is important, however, that we actively assume responsibility for putting our own house in order. What the world needs is individuals who are living a practical religion, who are living applied Christianity. We need not only pray "Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," but, individually, to work and strive to create the kind of world in which these conditions may prevail.

This implies that if religion is to make a contribution in our quest for peace, it must not only be a subjective feeling, but also an expression of that feeling manifested in human associations and social relations. Knowing a thing or merely feeling an assurance of the truth is not sufficient. "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin" (James 4:17).

Service to Others

Christ invited us to follow in his steps in order that we might have life more abundantly. One very tangible way in which we can make a contribution toward others and toward our own personal development is by serving our fellow men. Most all of us daily, regardless of our age, could find opportunities to serve someone older than we are; someone who may be crippled or handicapped in some way; by giving encouragement to someone who is discouraged or depressed; or by making life more interesting and satisfying for any of the persons with whom we associate. Those individuals who experience satisfaction and happiness by living creatively, by serving their fellow men — individuals who are dedicated to the creation of a still better world for everyone, are traveling the course which we are charting toward a better world.

Jesus, having man's future in

mind, said, nineteen centuries ago, "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another" (John 13:34). Today, scientists of human behavior have arrived at the conclusion that love is the greatest medicine and provides the most hope for achieving a world of peace and a condition in which man can live and maintain good mental health.

We have learned through centuries of experience that a commandment alone does not make a person love another. We have learned that if a person is filled with hate and anger and hostility, attempts to command and legislate kindness and mercy and love appear to have essentially failed. The development of such traits and characteristics will result from living in healthy conditions which nurture and promote feelings of love that spontaneously flow from within the individual. If sincere men and women the world over could unite in an earnest effort to supplant feelings of selfishness, hatred, suspicion, and greed, with feelings of kindness, mercy, justice, and service to others, then leaders would think more of men than of the success of a system, and they would thereby promote the peace and happiness of mankind. There is no road to universal peace which does not lead into the hearts of humanity

The challenge and task of following the pathway to peace obviously rest upon the shoulders of each of us. It will take all of us working diligently together to create a world of peace-loving people, to develop within ourselves the skill, the capacity, the desire to live harmoniously, creatively with one another, to love the Lord, to love oneself, to love one's neighbor, to love one's enemies, to create within our homes the kind of environment which will produce loving personalities in our children. This means we must search for self-understanding, for inner peace, contentment, serenity, while, at the same time, maintaining sufficient feelings of dissatisfaction that we have the propelling drive and urge to improve the life situation.

We must realize that the power to love does not come full-grown into our lives. It does not come by mere admonition, nor by logical, verbal proof of its importance. To promote love among men requires that we do more than talk about it, that we actually promote situations and create atmospheres in which love will spontaneously flourish without being admonished to do so. It must form a very core of our lives as we attempt to live and practice a religion of love. Not by seeking the superficial things of life, but rather as love springs from the individual's heart will we find the peace of Christ.

Bluebird

Eva Willes Wangsgaard

I tried to capture April weather,
Spin song of fragrance lilacs bore.
But a poet wearing a bright blue feather
Sang all that I knew to sing and more.

The Southern States Mission

Preston R. Nibley
Assistant Church Historian

ONE of the first missionaries to labor in the states which later were included in the Southern States Mission, was Wilford Woodruff who, as early as 1834, traveled through and held meetings in Arkansas, Tennessee, and Kentucky. Converts were baptized and several small branches of the Church were established. In 1839 Jedediah M. Grant began missionary work in Virginia. Other elders followed, but it was not until 1875 that the Southern States Mission was organized, with Henry G. Boyle as president. The States included in the new mission were Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Virginia.

As the work of the mission increased, a number of adjoining States were added, including Ohio, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Maryland, Texas, Louisiana, and Florida.

The headquarters of the Southern States Mission was first established in Nashville, Tennessee. It was later changed to Chattanooga, Tennessee, then to Atlanta, Georgia.

Presidents of the mission who served from the time of its organization until 1933 were: Henry G. Boyle, 1875-78; John Morgan, 1878-83; Brigham H. Roberts, 1883-84; William Spry, 1888-91; J. Golden Kimball, 1891-94;

Courtesy Atlanta Chamber of Commerce
Submitted by Lucile W. Bunker

THE SUWANNEE RIVER, GEORGIA AND FLORIDA

Courtesy Atlanta Chamber of Commerce
Submitted by Lucile W. Bunker

DOGWOOD IN BLOOM, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Elias S. Kimball, 1894-98; Ben E. Rich, 1898-1902; Ephraim H. Nye, 1902-03; Ben E. Rich, 1903-08; Charles A. Callis, 1908-33.

After serving twenty-five years as president of the Southern States Mission, Charles A. Callis was ordained a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles, on October 14, 1933.

Mission presidents who have served since President Callis are: LeGrand Richards, 1933-37; Merrill D. Clayson, 1937-40; William P. Whitaker, 1940-43; Heber Meeks, 1943-48; Albert Choules, 1948-52; Peter J. Ricks, 1952-55; Berkeley L. Bunker, 1955-59; J. Byron Ravsten, 1959—.

The borders of the Southern States Mission have been changed several times since its organization. The Mission now embraces the States of Georgia, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, and South Carolina.

Stakes that have been organized from the Southern States Mission are: Florida, January 1947; South Carolina, October 1947; Atlanta, May 1957; Orlando, February 1958; and Tampa, August 1959.

At the end of November 1959, there were 12,554 members of the Church in this Mission, located in seventy branches.

Sixty-four Relief Society organizations, with 1276 members, were reported in December 1959. Lucile W. Bunker is former president of the Southern States Mission Relief Society. The new president is Elva Stella Ravsten.

Note: The cover for this *Magazine* "A Southern Mansion With Dogwood in Bloom," is used by Courtesy of the Atlanta, Georgia, Chamber of Commerce, and was submitted by Lucile W. Bunker. See also "Recipes From the Southern States Mission," by Sister Bunker, on page 179.

A Place for Everything

Charmaine Kohler

DEBRA awoke suddenly, as she did each morning, plans for the day running through her head. Today she wanted to wash the kitchen windows, straighten the cupboard shelves, and give the utility room a good cleaning. After that, there might be time to do that stack of mending before Dan came home from work.

Debra prided herself on her neat-as-a-pin home. She knew her neighbors remarked on how she kept it that way with two small atom-powered boys and a husband to clean up after. Her formula was "a place for everything, and everything in its place," and she followed this formula to the letter.

Her thoughts were interrupted when two little blonde heads peeked around the door. Ronnie, age four, and Greggie, age two, skipped smiling to the bedside, both talking at once.

"Good morning, Mommie!" Ronnie flashed his dimples and proceeded to dig Dan out from beneath the covers.

"'Morning, Mommie." Greggie always managed to sound like his big brother's echo. Everything Ronnie said Greggie would repeat as best he could, which sometimes wasn't too clear.

Debra smiled quickly at her wiggling sons, as she reached for her housecoat and slippers. The boys would have "Daddy Polar Bear" up soon, so she might as well take advantage of the opportunity and get breakfast started. When Dan left for work at nine, she hoped to be all ready to start cleaning.

Greggie soon joined her in the kitchen and demanded his usual seat on the counter top. Here he could watch every fascinating move as flour and eggs blended with milk and shortening to make the hot cakes he loved.

"Me help?"

"Not this morning, honey. Mommie wants to hurry." Debra poured out a cup of dried milk and set it down on the counter.

"Ronnie! Hot cakes!" Greggie eagerly relayed the good news.

"Hot cakes!" The answering shout from the bathroom and the quick dash for the kitchen were evidence of another little boy's breakfast favorite.

"May I help?" Ronnie asked hopefully.

"Not today. I have to hurry." Debra turned back to her bowl just in time to see Greggie leaning over the cup of powdered milk, his mouth puckered, ready to blow.

"Oh, no, Greggie!" she gasped.

Too late. A cloud of powdered milk crystals flew up above the little blonde head and drifted lazily down to settle on floor, cupboard — and little blonde head.

Debra firmly picked up Greggie and plunked him into his high chair to await breakfast. Ronnie made a fast get-away to the living room. When his mother walked that fast he knew from experience that it was time to move on.

Breakfast followed the usual pattern. Debra was silent, thinking

over her day's work. Dan ate quickly, glancing occasionally at the clock. Greggie and Ronnie kept up a constant chatter.

"I'm going to clean up my plate first. I'll beat you, Greggie!"

"Beat you, Ronnie."

"Huh-uh!" Ronnie argued.

"Uh-huh!"

"Hey, Mommie," Ronnie asked for his mother's attention.

"Yes?"

"If my head was in my tummy I bet it could see what this milk is doing down there."

"Hurry and eat your breakfast, Ron." Debra had no time this morning to become involved in one of her son's wild imaginings.

At nine o'clock Debra kissed Dan goodby and sent the boys to the back yard to play. Now if only they would occupy themselves for a few hours so she could get down to business.

Debra quickly stacked the breakfast dishes and filled the sink with sudsy water. Just as she was scouring the last frying pan, she heard Ronnie calling excitedly from beneath her kitchen window.

"Mommie — Mommie! Come quick!"

"Quick!" echoed Greggie.

"What is it?" Debra called through the windows, imagining at least a broken arm or a bloody gash.

"Greggie found a spotted bug. Come see him!"

"See 'im," Greggie chanted.

Debra had no intention of taking the extra time or steps involved to see the spotted bug. She knew the boys would forget about it soon.

Twelve o'clock arrived quickly as Debra busily cleaned. Dutifully, but with regret, she laid down her window polishing cloth and called the boys in to lunch.

"Lunchtime, boys. Empty the sand from your cuffs before you come in." The sandbox and Debra waged a constant battle. The gritty sand could make a shiny, freshly waxed floor rough like concrete in a short time.

Debra quickly made peanut butter sandwiches and tall glasses of chocolate milk, then scooped large helpings of gelatin salad onto two plates.

"What's new with you, Mother?" Ronnie came strolling into the kitchen.

Debra glanced quickly at her oldest son and smiled. Now where had he picked up that remark?

"New you, Mommie?" Greggie chirped.

"Not much, boys. Hurry and wash your hands. Lunch is ready."

HOW many times a day did she say "hurry" and "quick," Debra wondered. How many thousands of things were there to lure little boys' minds from what you told them to do? How many pebbles to examine? How many butterflies to chase? How many questions to answer? Sometimes a twitch of conscience warned Debra to be more patient. She knew she should take time to answer more questions thoroughly and explore more of nature's wonders with her sons, but the days never seemed to be long enough to get everything done. There was always a washing to do, an ironing, or baking. If she ever really slowed down, surely her household would disintegrate before her eyes within two days.

Finally, after two dozen requests

of "Eat your lunch, boys," the last drop of ice cream disappeared from the bottom of their bowls and Debra whisked them off to bed for naps. She always looked forward to this time of day, for now she could really fly around without spending so much time going to the window to check on the boys at play.

Just as she was closing their bedroom door, Ronnie called out. Impatiently, Debra opened the door.

"It is nap time. Now go to sleep and do not call me again!" Debra spoke sharper and louder than she intended.

"Just one word, please." Ronnie held up one small finger to make his request sound as reasonable as possible and looked at his mother with large, serious eyes.

"Word, p'eese?" Greggie spoke softly as he peeked at Debra with one eye closed.

"All right. What is so important just now?" Debra relented.

"Mommie, you know that sad tree we saw at Grandma's? Why was it so sad? Didn't it have any playmates?"

"Cree any p'aymates?" Greggie echoed worriedly.

Sad tree? Debra was puzzled. What in the world was a sad tree?

"I guess not, hon. Now have a good nap."

Debra returned to her polishing cloth, then suddenly she understood. Of course! The weeping willow tree. I must remember to explain about the names of different trees when Ron awakens from his nap, she decided.

THREE o'clock came. The kitchen windows shone, the utility room gleamed, and Debra was efficiently reorganizing cupboard shelves. To make the simple task less monotonous her favorite record was spinning on the hi-fi and strains of "Oh, I'm So Lonely" were drifting through the air.

"Oh, I'm so lonely since he said goodbye . . ." Debra crooned under her breath.

"Mother!"

Ronnie's voice from behind startled Debra so that she nearly fell from the stool on which she was perched. Lost in her task and the music, she hadn't heard her son's bare footsteps.

"You frightened me. Did you have a good nap?"

"Yes, I had a good nap," giggled Ronnie, tickled because he had scared Debra.

"Good nap." Greggie nodded his head so vigorously that his whole body jiggled.

"Fine. Run get your shoes and jeans and you can ride tricycles awhile."

"Okay!" Greggie had just mastered the art of tricycle riding and enthusiastically ran to find his missing clothes.

"Mother, if you find that man, I'll be his playmate." Ronnie was standing very still with a thoughtful scowl on his face.

"What man? What are you talking about?" Now what, Debra wondered.

"That man singing . . . 'lonely him,'" Ronnie answered seriously.

"That is just a pretend song, honey. He's not really lonely. Now run get your clothes. Greggie! What are you doing? Hurry, darling."

Debra climbed down from the stool and went to see what was delaying her youngest.

Greggie was stretched out full-length on his stomach, chin resting on the floor, while one finger poked experimentally and with caution at the retreating end of a big black beetle.

"Oh, darling, leave that thing alone. He may bite," Debra warned.

"He bite?" Greggie, round-eyed and fascinated, did not retreat one step.

Debra scooped the beetle onto a magazine and threw him out the window. "Come on, Greg. Mommie will put your shoes on. Don't you want to go outdoors?"

"Don' wan'nu,' wan'nu', wan'nu'!" Greggie thrust out his chin, his eyes shot sparks, and he dared Debra to give him any argument.

"Now stop that right now. Hurry up and go play so that I can finish those cupboards. You're just wasting time."

DEBRA could feel her anger rising. Why did Greggie have to give her trouble now? He did look cute when he was angry, though. She wanted to pick him up, cuddle and tease him awhile, but she just didn't have time now. Instead, she picked him up and carried him, small arms and legs churning, to a chair where she forcibly dressed him.

"Now ride your tryke and stay out of the street."

With one last scowl over his shoulder, Greggie peddled off down the sidewalk.

"Ronnie, are you going out?" Now what is he doing? Debra wondered.

Ronnie had rediscovered a gun he had received for Christmas a year ago. He had also dug a dart for the gun from the clutter of his toy box. The suction-cup head for the dart was missing, but maybe it would shoot. He would try, anyway.

"Watch me shoot that zebra, Mother."

Zing! Crash! Before Debra could even open her mouth to stop him, a dozen pieces of the ill-fated zebra's hind quarters scattered and slid across the end table and floor.

Ronnie stood motionless — big-eyed and amazed. He'd hit it! What a good shot! He didn't think Mother would agree with him, and he eyed her cautiously.

Debra looked at the shattered zebra sadly. It wasn't the first of her zebra collection to be broken, but it was the first to be broken in too many pieces to be repaired.

"You know better than to shoot that gun in the house. Now go outdoors and play before I spank you." Debra went for the broom as Ronnie made his escape. He had been expecting a spanking and considered himself lucky to get by so easily.

Ten minutes later Ronnie was back at Debra's side, a child's book clutched in his hand.

"Will you read to me?" he asked hopefully.

"Not now, maybe later. I have a lot to do before Daddy gets home from work. Run back outdoors and play."

"I bet you just won't ever read," Ronnie muttered, as he sadly shuffled out.

By five o'clock Debra had finished all the day's tasks she had allotted herself that morning in bed. All, that is, except the mending. She decided to work on that while she watched television with Dan that evening. Dan had told her often that he didn't want her working

around the house while he was home in the evening. After the hustle-bustle of the drugstore all day, Dan looked forward to a relaxed evening surrounded by his family.

Sometimes they rough-housed, the room shaking, while "Daddy Polar Bear" and his "cubs" rolled growling over and over each other across the floor. Other times Dan would sit on the davenport, a son under each arm, reading fairy tales.

Debra also looked forward to their evenings together, but if her work for the day had not been completed, she found it hard to relax. Even when physically tired, Debra's mind would start planning tomorrow's chores.

THAT night when Dan closed the storybook, Debra reached for the boys' pajamas.

"Bedtime, fellows," Dan said as he tugged Greggie's shoes off. "Let's see who beats undressed."

While the contest noisily proceeded, Debra went to the boys' room. She opened a window, closed the blinds, and turned down the covers on the twin beds. Then, ready for the "going-to-bed ceremony," she waited.

The "going-to-bed ceremony" had started a year ago when Greggie, just one year old, had been given a "big bed." The ceremony consisted of prayers, the eeny-meeny-miney-moe game, a final drink of water, and a goodnight kiss. Only after the completion of this ceremony would the boys lie down and go to sleep. Debra had tried to leave out a part or two to hurry up the routine at times, but the protests were always so vigorous that she had given up.

Greggie and Ronnie skipped into the room in their identical blue sleepers, resembling two innocent blonde angels, and knelt, each by his own bed, for prayers.

"Heavenly Father . . ." Ronnie began.

"Hebbenly Fa'her," Greggie echoed.

"Bless Mommy and Daddy, Greggie and me. . . ."

"An' me," Greggie mumbled.

"Help Uncle Rod on his mission. . . ." Ronnie continued.

"Help Umple Rod. . . ."

"Help Grandpa feel better," Ronnie added.

"Gran'pa beller. . . ."

"Help us be good boys. . . ."

"Good boys. 'Men." Greggie finished his prayer and climbed onto his bed, clutching his beloved fuzzy kitten.

Debra raised her head and waited for Ronnie to bounce up. He remained kneeling, head bowed, hands clasped.

"And help Mommie have lots more time so she can play with us. Amen."

Debra stiffened. Ronnie's final request to Heavenly Father was not part of his usual prayer. He had never added anything before. Why had he said such a thing?

Debra knew why. How many times today, and before today, had she told the boys, "Not now—later." "I don't have time right now." "Some other time. I'm in a hurry." "Don't waste time." "Hurry and eat." "Run wash your hands." How many times had she ignored their questions and requests when what they were really asking for was her company?

DEBRA didn't like the way she was seeing herself — the way Ronnie and Greggie must see her.

"Eeny, meemie! Eeeny, meemie, Mommie!" Greggie shouted impatiently.

Greggie squealed and helplessly struggled as Debra gathered him up, tossed him onto the bed, and drew the sheet up to his chin. Ronnie soon succumbed, and after tucking him in, Debra went to the bathroom for their "ceremonial drink."

What had she been doing, she wondered, robbing her sons? That was an ugly word, but true. Her own best childhood memories were of the hours her mother had read to her, the talks they had had, and the doll clothes they'd sewed together. She never remembered her mother ever telling her that there wasn't time or that she was too busy. Her mother's house was always clean, too — even with seven children frolicking through it.

"Mother, you forgot our drink," Ronnie called indignantly.

"Coming," Debra replied, and hastily filled two cups and carried them to the thirsty boys. When drinks were finished, Debra leaned down to kiss them good night.

"Good-night, darling," she murmured to Ronnie. "Have a good sleep because we have a big day ahead tomorrow. How would you like to go for a walk by the river?"

"Sure, can we?" Ronnie was doubtful.

"Of course, we can," Debra smiled, "and we'll see how many kinds of bugs, trees, and colored rocks we can find."

"Me! Rocks, crees, bugs!" Greggie shouted, sitting up straight in bed.

"You, too, honey." Debra smiled. "You have a good sleep, too. Good-night."

Debra paused outside their closed door, her heart full of love. It would not be easy to break her habit of constant, nervous cleaning, but she could, and would — starting now. As she went to join Dan in the living room, a voice (perhaps her conscience, peaceful at last) sighed through her thoughts . . . "and a little child shall lead them."

March Time

Enola Chamberlin

March time came to the world today,
Came with the wind-whipped applique
Of the shadows of new leaves on the ground;
Came with the heart uplifting sound
Of a meadowlark calling, came with the feel
Of pussywillows like satin chenille.
March time came to valley and hill;
Came with a yellow daffodil;
With north flown robins again on the wing —
Came with a boy with a ball of string,
With a care-free heart and a purple kite,
With scuffed old shoes and eyes alight,
With the wind and sky at his command
Holding the universe in his hand.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, March 1, and March 15, 1900

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

VISIT TO MEXICO: About 5 o'clock p.m., on the 21st of October, we arrived at Dublan, where there was a joyful meeting with my daughter. At Dublan there is an excellent site for a large city, the only drawback being the scarcity of water late in the season. . . . The latter part of October I went to Juarez, about eighteen miles distant. . . . We were kindly treated by the Saints and hospitably entertained at the homes of Presidents A. W. Ivins and Henry Eyring, Bishop Joseph Bentley and others, and met with many friends, among them Sister Elizabeth Snow, who is spending the winter with her daughter in this delightful climate. . . . On Thursday I returned to Dublan with Sister Mary P. Eyring, the president of the Relief Society of Juarez Stake, and met with the Relief Society of Dublan. Many excellent testimonies were borne of the Gospel. . . .

—Ann C. Woodbury

THE LAKES OF THE WASATCH: Whether in the delicate profusion of the Spring's flowery extravagance, or clothed in the deep, rich green of Summer's foliage, in the gorgeous wealth of Autumnal colors, or buried beneath the snowy silence of Winter, the Wasatch mountains are beautiful, sublime, inspiring; and high up lying in open dells between vast walls, where the earth is intense with insect life and flowery growth, are fairy lakes of mystic depths, held fast in the rugged cradles of these mountain ridges. . . .

—M. A. J. Lambert

GOD'S LOVE

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Were all the earth of parchment made,
Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade,
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry,
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
Though stretched from sky to sky.

—Selected

THE SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH: On Saturday, March 17, it will be fifty-eight years since the Relief Society (which has now attained such magnificent proportions) was organized in the City of Nauvoo, Illinois. We speak of it as having been organized by President Joseph Smith. . . . He foresaw and foretold many things concerning it which have since come to pass. . . . What it may do in the great future, to which we look with such earnest hopefulness, remains for us who still live and labor, and the younger women who will enlist in the work, to determine by diligence and enterprise along the lines of higher and nobler aspirations and culture, than the world has yet attained. . . . Therefore, it seems fitting indeed to celebrate the day when such a movement was inaugurated, and to make it a day memorable in the minds of all who are within reach. . . . One suggestion might be made . . . that particular respect be shown to the veteran workers in the cause; and that mention be made in some one of the addresses or speeches, of the great advantage the Society has given to its faithful members, and in promoting and inculcating correct principles of life. . . .

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MRS. JOHN (Barbara) EISENHOWER accompanied her father-in-law, President Dwight D. Eisenhower, in December, on his historic eleven-nation tour to Italy, Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan, India, Iran, Greece, France, Tunisia, Spain, and Morocco. The President's wife did not make the journey on account of her health.

MRS. LOUISE LAKE is a Latter-day Saint woman from Salt Lake City who became completely paralyzed from polio. Through faith, determination, and therapy, she has regained the use of her body to be able to move around with the aid of hand crutches. Mrs. Lake was nationally recognized as the "Handicapped Person of the Year" in 1958, and has now been named to the national President's Committee for the Employment of the Handicapped. She was also named to the planning committee of the International Society for the Welfare of Cripples. Mrs. Lake has also helped to design clothes for the handicapped, many with zippers and buttons placed for special uses.

MRS. Anne Wheaton is Associate White House Press Secretary and a very busy woman.

FARAH DIBAH, beautiful twenty-one year old Iranian commoner, became the third wife of Mohammed Reza Shah Pahlevi, Shah of Iran, in Tehran, on December twenty-first. The Shah has divorced two wives because of lack of a male heir to the throne.

MIRIAM ASSY, an Arab and a Christian, has been given a special award and recognition by the Israel Ministry of Health for "dedicated and superior nursing care" given at the Malben Hospital near Nahariya in Northern Israel. Miss Assy received a medical dictionary and a biography of Eve Curie, each inscribed by the hospital's director. After the award ceremony Miss Assy received a heartwarming welcome in her native village of Kfar Yasif.

HELEN LEE, a native of Knoxville, Kentucky, is head of the design department of Alyssa Originals, Inc., and a partner in the firm which does a multi-million dollar business each year in designing and manufacturing clothes for girls. She and her staff of fourteen turn out forty dress designs each week — clothes noted for their "elegant simplicity." Miss Lee also designs a coat collection and all the children's patterns for a large pattern company.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 47 MARCH 1960 NO. 3

The Refining Influence of Relief Society

OF all the refining influences that come into the lives of those who strive to uplift themselves, that of the gospel of Jesus Christ is preeminent. The gospel illumines one's mind and soul, and frees one's life from dullness and earthiness. A knowledge of the divinity of the Savior lends a touch of the sublime to life in this world. A desire for eternal exaltation gives purpose to efforts to overcome weaknesses, to cleanse from impurities, and to rise above that which is coarse and vulgar. Knowing the gospel helps one know the spiritual form that underlies everything. One cannot be truly refined if he is deficient in spirituality.

Relief Society brings the refining influence of the gospel of Jesus Christ to its members. Relief Society furnishes inspiration which has impelled action on the part of the sisters to learn and live the commandments of our Heavenly Father. One great purpose for its organization, and a constant direction from the prophets, is to teach the gospel — to build testimonies.

Refinement is not merely concern for one's own spiritual and cultural advancement. It embodies all that is gentle, considerate, and uplifting, and embraces consideration for and service to others. The author Galesworthy once described a friend as a person having true refinement because he couldn't help thinking of others no matter what he did. Thoughtfulness of the needs of one's fellow men and service to them enlarges the soul. Compassion is tenderness, understanding, sympathy, and fellowship in feeling which leads to alleviating want and distress; all are emotions and actions which enrich one's own life. President McKay has defined the essence of true culture as being consideration for others. Selflessness is an attribute of character the truly refined person possesses.

Relief Society throughout its long history has ever been mindful of serving God through serving his children. Members of Relief Society make its motto "Charity never faileth," a living reality in constant striving to be of living service. This great, world-wide sisterhood gives each member opportunities to serve in the name of the Society and encourages individual sisters to develop habits of kindliness in themselves. Relief Society responds as wholeheartedly today to the need for its myriad services as it did in the beginning.

Intellectual development is one facet of the many faceted jewel of refinement. The various aspects of culture are a refining influence and their study an enriching experience. An understanding of the great and beautiful arts brings breadth of vision, guidance in meeting life's challenges, and an emotional response which promotes learning. What one feels deeply greatly affects learning. Education and intellectual pursuits add to the storehouse of knowledge

upon which one can dream to live more abundantly.

Relief Society brings culture and beauty into the lives of its members and their families in its educational program. It helps create and keep alive the desire for progression, the constant goal of ever-increasing knowledge. A discriminating study of literature increases one's ability to choose wisely those things which will contribute to mental and spiritual growth. Appreciation of good music is another cultural feature Relief Society fosters, both as a means of providing for participation in worshiping and learning, and in increasing understanding of a refining art to add depth and richness to life.

Gracious living is conducive to refinement. The opposite is also true. Refinement is conducive to gracious living. The spirit of the home in which one resides influences the process by which refinement is achieved. The love, the discipline, and the teachings of parents are the foundation of lives beautifully lived. Such basic things as self-control, unselfishness, and self-mastery are traits of character that lead to spiritual and emotional maturity. This maturity is a refining influence that shapes purposeful lives.

Relief Society helps to build within its members the resources for gracious living. All phases of homemaking are taught: from making homes more beautiful by creative handwork, to fundamentals of a well-ordered home economically managed, through the activities which spiritualize the home. The continuing education that mothers receive in Relief Society serves to increase the happiness, serenity, and joyousness of family life.

The refining influence of Relief Society has reached thousands of lives in the one hundred eighteen years since 1842. Our Heavenly Father has truly provided an organization for his daughters which guides, assists, and uplifts them.

—L. W. M.

Miraculous Advent

Ida Elaine James

So long the shoulders of our joy have borne
The burden of the snow; so long the lost
Bloom of an earlier ecstasy has worn
Only the bitter mantle of the frost:

If, through the casements of the heart, we see
At last dark acres travail to the bud,
The earth turn gold and coral, and the tree
Plume to the ascent of white mounting blood:

Oh, give a tolerant hearing once again
To such spring words as winter hearts indite,
Who see, on blossomed hillsides of old pain,
Beauty come singing, with a face of light.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Organizations and Reorganizations of Stake and Mission Relief Societies for 1959

NEW ORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
American River	North Sacramento Stake	Lois S. Fife	December 6, 1959
Cheyenne	Denver Stake	Amy E. Willis	July 7, 1959
Clearfield	North Davis Stake	Afton C. Higley	April 12, 1959
Denver West	Denver Stake	Della H. Teeter	July 5, 1959
East Idaho Falls	Idaho Falls Stake	Bertha Hansen	June 14, 1959
Granite Park	South Salt Lake Stake	Melvina U. Dust	February 23, 1959
Huntington Park	South Los Angeles Stake	Laura R. Shimp	April 19, 1959
Indianapolis	Great Lakes Mission	Hazel M. Brinson	May 17, 1959
Mojave	Bakersfield Stake	Ora Kidd	August 16, 1959
Pocatello (new)	West Pocatello Stake	Emily S. Romish	April 19, 1959
Sandy	Mount Jordan Stake	Wanda L. Gull	April 12, 1959
Tampa	Orlando Stake	Inez Edwards	October 25, 1959
Torrance	Redondo Stake	Kathryn L. Squire	May 3, 1959
West Covina	Covina Stake	Lyle H. Facer	May 3, 1959
Whittier	East Los Angeles Stake	Rea W. Jorgenson	April 26, 1959
Winder	Mill Creek Stake	Dorothy F. Bolander	January 25, 1959
Yakima	Richland Stake	Adele Willden	June 1, 1959

Missions	Formerly Part of	Appointed President	Date Appointed
Andes	Argentine and Uruguay	Fawn H. Sharp	September 25, 1959
Brazilian South	Brazilian	Ida M. Sorenson	August 24, 1959
South German	West German	Verda C. Buehner	September 12, 1959

REORGANIZATIONS

Stakes	Released President	President Appointed	Date Appointed
Ashley	Melba H. Tullis	Mazie S. Christensen	January 25, 1959
Blaine	Melba Thorne	Elizabeth C. Adamson	October 2, 1959
Boise	Edna S. Millar	Alyce B. Glade	June 28, 1959
Bonneville	Cora S. Jenkins	Ruby A. Robbins	September 1, 1959
Cache	Pearl A. Heaton	Pearl R. Haddock	May 25, 1959
Cannon	Eva H. Stevenson	Janet S. Schmidt	June 21, 1959
Covina	Lyle H. Facer	Doris Lee	May 3, 1959
Denver	Della H. Teeter	Ilah K. Smith	July 12, 1959

Stakes	*Released President*	*President Appointed*	*Date Appointed*
Emery	Merle B. Johansen	Rena Grange	March 15, 1959
Grand Coulee	Jane M. Larsen	Lanore S. Bowen	April 26, 1959
Hayward	Myrtle A. Davidson	Vera S. Crockett	September 27, 1959
Hillside	Lucille S. Condie	Genevieve F. Wright	January 12, 1959
Hyrum	Rhoda Thorpe	Berenece B. Darley	June 28, 1959
Kearns North	Joyce S. Jensen	Clarice M. Woolley	January 22, 1959
Lake View	Katherine Child	LaRue L. Schoenfeld	June 21, 1959
Logan	Gwen J. Miner	Nellie G. Quinney	May 17, 1959
Lyman	Elease E. Rollins	Ada W. Eyre	September 27, 1959
Midvale	Celeste D. Millerberg	Marguerite G. Wright	May 10, 1959
Monterey Bay	LaVee Haws	Louise H. Johnson	September 27, 1959
Nevada	Christie L. Haynes	Margery M. Tate	September 20, 1959
North Box Elder	June I. Hunsaker	Nina H. Beecher	August 10, 1959
North Davis	LaVora S. Wood	Verna C. Holt	January 25, 1959
North Sacramento	Lois S. Fife	Kerma D. Jensen	December 10, 1959
Oquirrh	Laura M. Wilkin	LaPrele S. Brown	August 27, 1959
Orange County	Alline Hatch	Mary S. Grasteit	December 13, 1959
Orlando	Vela E. Milton	Paula F. Hawkins	November 15, 1959
Palo Alto	Ruby M. Dobbins	Nell M. Benson	August 13, 1959
Portland	Jennie R. Scott	Ann M. Merrill	January 26, 1959
Portneuf	Emeline W. Marley	Fern T. Hartvigsen	February 1, 1959
Redondo	Kathryn L. Squire	Ruth Witty	May 3, 1959
Rigby	Hope S. Beus	Ruth Millet	July 19, 1959
Riverdale	Isabell C. Ellison	Myrl S. Stewart	September 27, 1959
Santa Ana	Mariom A. Woodhouse	Bessie L. Brockbank	May 16, 1959
Santa Monica	Hilda Goucher	Elva D. Cusworth	September 20, 1959
Smithfield	Vera R. Cantwell	Ireta R. Hymas	September 27, 1959
South Los Angeles	Laura R. Shimp	Alta C. Davis	April 20, 1959
South Sevier	Faye K. Nielson	Clara S. Roberts	May 17, 1959
St. Louis	Lorene Tidlund	Mardean P. Steinmetz	June 7, 1959
University	Fanny S. Kienitz	Annie M. Ballantyne	August 23, 1959
West Pocatello	Emily S. Romish	Margaret L. Jones	April 19, 1959
West Utah	Loleta W. Dixon	Esther M. Moulton	December 13, 1959

Missions	*Released President*	*President Appointed*	*Date Appointed*
Australian	Irene T. Erekson	Edith J. Moore	January 23, 1959
Canadian	Leah H. Lewis	Frances B. Monson	April 14, 1959
Central American	Gladys K. Wagner	Edith B. Hancock	March 4, 1959
Central Atlantic States	Lovell W. Smith	Catharine W. Aposhian	February 18, 1959
Danish	Ora H. Petersen	Florence B. Thorup	October 13, 1959
Eastern States	Florence S. Jacobsen	Olive L. Smith	January 22, 1959
French	Alice C. Christensen	Laura P. Brossard	November 23, 1959
New England	Margaret R. Jackson	Laura P. Brossard	July 2, 1959
New England	Laura P. Brossard	May F. Carr	November 12, 1959
North German	Edythe C. Robbins	Velma W. Fetzer	November 19, 1959
Northern California	Hazel S. Love	Leta C. Pugh	November 13, 1959
Southern Far East	Luana C. Heaton	Barbara C. Taylor	June 16, 1959
Southern States	Lucile W. Bunker	Elva S. Ravsten	April 16, 1959
Swedish	Ruth T. Oscarson	Ellen S. Omer	November 16, 1959
Swiss-Austrian	LaVelle D. Curtis	Jennie W. Erekson	August 8, 1959
Tongan	Sylvia R. Stone	LaVera W. Coombs	May 20, 1959

Index for 1959 Relief Society Magazine Available

COPIES of the 1959 index of *The Relief Society Magazine* are available and may be ordered from the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. The price is twenty cents, including postage.

Relief Society officers and members who wish to have their 1959 issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* bound may do so through The Deseret News Press, 33 Richards Street, Salt Lake City 1, Utah. (See advertisement on page 209.) The cost for binding the twelve issues in a permanent cloth binding is $2.50, leather $3.80, including the index. It is recommended that wards and stakes have one volume of the 1959 *Magazines* bound for preservation in ward and stake Relief Society libraries.

The American Red Cross and Its Campaign for Members and Funds

Theodore V. Houser
Volunteer National Chairman for Members and Funds

THE Red Cross volunteer is a respected symbol of the American's traditional concern for his brother's well-being.

The story of the Red Cross begins with its volunteers. Internationally, the organization was founded by volunteers. It was brought to this country by volunteer leadership. Here in America, the Red Cross took deep root because the tradition of neighbors volunteering to help one another and their communities is part of our national and spiritual heritage. . . .

The past year found the American Red Cross not only carrying on its more familiar responsibilities — those of disaster relief, training in first aid, swimming, lifesaving, and home nursing, providing blood for the sick and injured, and helping servicemen, veterans, and their families — but also mobilizing to meet other challenging situations. . . .

Although the Congressional charter under which the Red Cross operates imposes specific duties and responsibilities upon the organization, it receives its financial support solely from the voluntary contributions of the American people.

At this time, when the American Red Cross holds its annual campaign to enlist our active participation, and, in many communities, our financial support of its Nation-wide and world-wide activities, its achievements warrant our continued support. It is fitting that all of us join in supporting the Red Cross in its annual campaign for members and funds, being conducted throughout the month of March, to secure the volunteers and the money needed to carry on its important work.

Recipes From the Southern States Mission

Submitted by Lucile W. Bunker

Deep-South Corn Bread

1 c. corn meal
¼ c. white flour
1 tsp. baking powder
1 tsp. salt
¼ tsp. soda
1 egg
buttermilk
¼ c. shortening

Melt shortening in nine-inch square baking pan and set aside. Mix all other ingredients together except the buttermilk, then pour enough buttermilk in to make the mixture thin enough to pour into a greased baking pan. Beat in the melted shortening last, then pour into greased pan. Bake at 500 degrees F. until brown. Serves six to eight.

Southern Fried Chicken

Cut chicken in pieces for frying, sprinkle with salt, and then let stand a few minutes and then roll in flour.

Heat enough shortening in an iron skillet to half cover the chicken, but do not drop into the grease until it is smoking. Now drop in pieces of chicken and cook uncovered until browned on one side. Turn and cook on the other side until brown. Cover with a lid and cook on low heat a few minutes more, about twenty-minutes in all, then remove from the grease and drain on paper towels a few minutes. Do not let it stand on the paper towels long, or the grease will re-enter the chicken. This gives a tender, juicy, crisp Southern fried chicken.

Sweet Potato Souffle

4 large sweet potatoes
3 eggs, beaten light
1 c. milk (approximately)
sugar to taste
1 tsp. mixed spices
¼ tsp. each of nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves

Boil sweet potatoes, peel, and mash until smooth. Add sugar to taste, (slightly sweet), and the lightly beaten eggs and spices. Add milk enough to resemble thick custard. Pour all into a greased baking dish and bake at 400 degrees for thirty minutes or until it is set like a custard. Serves four to six.

Variations: One of the following may be added: raisins, coconut, pineapple. Fold in before baking.

Po' Boy Pudding

14 slices white bread
1 c. seedless raisins
1 box (4 oz.) shredded coconut
½ c. butter or butter substitute
1 c. sugar
6 eggs, beaten
1 can (14½ oz.) evaporated milk

Cut bread into one-inch pieces; place in greased thirteen by nine by two inch pan. Sprinkle first the raisins, then coconut over bread. Cream butter and sugar. Add eggs; blend. Stir in milk. Pour mixture over coconut layer. Bake at 400° F. for twenty minutes. Serve warm with lemon sauce. Yield, ten to twelve portions.

Instead of sauce, try sprinkling chocolate chips over the top when the pudding is done and returning it to the oven just five minutes to soften the chips.

Turnip Greens

3 lbs. turnip greens
½ c. water
1 tsp. sugar
½ tsp. salt
4 slices salt pork

Wash and drain the greens. Place in large kettle with the water, sugar, and salt. Drop in the pork and boil until tender. Serve immediately.

Grits

1 c. grits
4 c. boiling water
1 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter

Pour grits into boiling salted water and stir until water returns to a boil. Lower the flame and let simmer slowly for one hour, stirring frequently. When ready to serve, add butter and beat well for a few minutes.

Blackberry Cobbler

2 cans (8¾ oz.) blackberries
½ c. sugar
1 tbsp. butter or butter substitute
1 recipe pastry topping
1 egg white
sugar

Combine blackberries, sugar, and shortening; heat until shortening is melted. Pour into eight inch square pan. Roll pastry dough on floured surface into a square slightly smaller than pan. Arrange on top of berries; cut steam vents. Brush topping with egg white; sprinkle with sugar. Bake at 400 degrees F. for twenty-five to thirty minutes. Yield four to five portions.

Pastry Topping

1 c. sifted flour
dash of salt
¼ c. butter or butter substitute
1 egg yolk
2 tbsp. water

Sift flour with salt, cut in shortening; add egg yolk and water; stir until dough is formed.

Sweet Potato Pie

2 c. sweet potatoes, boiled
½ stick butter
6 egg yolks
1 c. sugar (or less, to suit taste)
¾ c. milk
½ tsp. nutmeg (or to suit taste)
6 egg whites (meringue)
sugar

Boil yellow yams till tender, peel, mash, and put through a sieve, if they are stringy. While yams are hot, mash the butter in with them so it will melt. Beat egg yolks and sugar together and mix with the potatoes. Add milk and nutmeg, adding extra sugar, if desired, to taste. No other flavoring is used. Mix all together well and pour into uncooked pie shell which has been brushed with melted butter. Bake until filling is firm and crust brown. Add meringue made from egg whites and sugar. Return to the oven till topping is golden brown, or serve with whipped cream, instead of meringue. Sufficient for two pies. Bake at 350 degrees F. for thirty-five to forty minutes.

Hal Rumel

AZALEA CYCLAMEN CHRYSANTHEMUM
SMALL POTS — VIOLA

Whys, Wherefores, and Fun With Green Plants

Maude N. Howard

HERE, simply stated, is basic information to dispel the myths, to inform you concerning the whys and wherefores of healthy house plants — how to light, water, feed, pot, and multiply them.

One of the joys of indoor gardening is that it is never out of season. House plants, with glossy green foliage or bright-colored blooms, can keep memories of spring and summer alive, no matter what the calendar may say or how the cold winds blow.

Plants are ornaments for the room you live in. You increase your pleasure by selecting and placing plants where they will be tasteful room accents, often the finishing touch that completes an effective decorating plan. Whatever you want done decoratively, there are plants that will help you to do it. The choices are many.

Depending on the size and style of the particular room, its colors, the space available, you will consider whether you want to mass a number of plants in one impressive group, or spotlight a single plant in the strategic location that makes it a focus of interest.

Some plants have shiny foliage, others have a velvet or furry finish. There are different shaped leaves, and greens go from palest chartreuse to almost black-green tones. For the most pleasing effect it is well to remember to mix texture, shape, and color of plants to make your group interesting.

A window garden is the answer for rooms in need of color, and nothing is a more effective color cure in winter months than a window garden full of bright, blooming plants. Poinsettias, azaleas, chrysanthemums, and cyclamen plants keep longer than most plants, but even these will not last forever.

Others, such as African violets and everblooming begonias, will thrive through all twelve months of the year under average home conditions. Also, you can force your own crop of spring flowering bulbs for a succession of colorful bloom indoors. An easy way to extend the impressiveness of a few flowering plants is to combine them with your faithful foliage performers.

When you buy flower plants always choose the ones with buds so they will last. It takes lots of moisture for a plant to produce blooms, so be sure to water faithfully while in bud. If you let the plant get completely dry at this time, flower buds may be damaged so severely they will never open.

In bitter winter weather, move plants away from the window at night, if there is danger of frosting when the house temperature drops.

The most successful window garden will be the one that is planned to suit the plants it includes in regard to light, temperature, and water. If you have a suitable south window, you can grow almost any house plant.

Always use the most attractive containers you can find, and preserve a polished look by regularly wiping foliage.

The luxury look comes easily and quickly to your rooms when you invest in suitable plants of larger size. Or, if time is not important, you can start with young ones and enjoy them as they grow.

Hal Rumel

GRAPE VINE IVY

IVY prospers in bright light, but not direct sun; it must have a well-drained soil, and the soil must never be allowed to become severely dry. Ivy is beautiful combined with geraniums, especially for kitchen decor. Grow ivy in water in a dark green vase that disguises the roots. Ivy is pretty in a basket allowing the ivy to trail over the handle. Wicker bread baskets serve as appropriate plant containers in the kitchen.

The pickaback plant ranks with the hardier plants. A major attraction is its curious habit of putting out new plants at the base of old leaves, thus its popular name. Grow this plant in bright light and a moist soil.

Grape ivy, another hardy plant, requires a light and well-drained soil, always allowing surface soil to

Hal Rumel

PHILODENDRON PERTUSUM
(Cut Leaf)

become dry before adding water, it tolerates low light and humidity better than common ivies.

Monstera philodendron is a favorite of decorators because of its sophisticated appearance. The several varieties of monstera require brighter light than philodendrons or the leaves will not split to the extent that they should. They require sufficient moisture to keep the soil moist but not wet.

Philodendron dubia, the common variety of philodendron, needs light and humidity. Philodendrons on totem poles do much better if care is taken to moisten the moss stick at times.

Trileaf wonder, a variegated green plant, is easy to grow in low light and a loamy soil. If you like small dramatic plants, try the peperomias. They like medium heat and careful attention given so as not to overwater. Peperomias come in plain green, variegated, or watermelon variety.

Regardless of size, dracemos (dracaena), in general, thrive in damp soil and require at least medium light. If the leaves become brown, it is usually a sign of improper watering — too little or too much. There are a number of interesting species, and they have leaves that are long and broad, striped in white or yellow.

The Boston fern wears spring's tender green all year long. As natives of tropical regions, ferns dislike cold. In wintertime set ferns back from the window so that the frond ends do not touch the cold glass.

Hal Rumel

FICUS DECORA
(Rubber Plant)

They thrive best in a sixty-five degree temperature.

Aspidistra grows where nothing else will. It is often called the cast-iron plant and grows best in an out-of-the-sun location. For appearance sake, clean the leaves of this plant often with a commercial solution or plain water, so that its somewhat leathery foliage will be at its glossy best.

THE rubber plant will grow to tree size. It makes a handsome room decoration, and withstands neglect and lack of sunlight, but do not overwater this plant.

Pandanus has a sword-like leaf and thrives in a warm indoor temperature. Water the pandanus moderately in summer and keep it on the dry side in winter.

Dieffenbachias flourish in locations receiving filtered light. These are luxuriant plants that catch and hold attention in any room setting. They grow best in a well-drained soil, rich in organic matter. They need filtered light to prosper.

All cactus plants are succulent, which means they have the ability to store water, so they need little water. Succulent plants take on so many fascinating shapes and forms, and so many have dwarf, or small growth patterns, that they make ideal house plants. Their sculptural appearance calls for unusual containers.

Everyone loves flowering house plants. Their fresh blooms, sometimes fragrant, always colorful, catch and hold the eye of all who enter the room. One can, if she plans ahead, have a variety in bloom all year. Perpetual bloomers are the begonias and African violets. Geraniums will reward you with ten long seasons of blooms. Cuttings rooted in the late summer bring fall and winter blooms, in addition to spring and summer flowering.

Hal Rumel

DIEFFENBACHIA
(Rudolph Roehrs)

Grow these house plants for the gifts of color and freshness they bring to your home.

You can have the spring plants such as daffodils, hyacinths, and tulips many weeks ahead of time by a process known as "forcing" (which means to bring to bloom at earlier than normal date). The larger the bulb the more simple it is to force. The later the bulb blooms out of doors the harder it will be to force indoors successfully.

Cyclamen plants require a sunny spot and lots of water. Pour the water at edge of the pot and not into the plant crown.

Poinsettias come in pink, white, and red, and these plants are easily damaged by chilling. Keep them always away from a draft. When warm weather comes, cut the stems back and set the plants out in the garden in a sunny location, then bring them indoors before frost.

A bloom-laden azalea will keep its show for many weeks. Keep it in good light but in a fairly cool location. Water each day just enough so that it will require moisture the next day.

Geranium plants need regular pruning to keep them growing in a bushy, pleasing shape. The stems cut off can then be rooted to give healthy new plants. Take cuttings three to five inches long just below a joint, plant about two inches deep in vermiculite or coarse sand. Keep cuttings in the shade until the roots begin to form, then move into the sun. When the roots are one and a half to two inches long, cuttings are ready to pot. Provide for good drainage. Pinching encourages branching on a young plant.

Hydrangeas require indirect light, wet soil, and prefer a cool room.

As many plants are killed each year from "overcare" as die from neglect. Most plants need good light and thrive best (out of drafts) at temperatures of seventy to seventy-five degrees. Examine the soil each day and add water uniformly when the soil starts to dry out. The soil should be moist clear to the bottom of the container. Fertilize monthly with a commercial plant food.

More and more decorators are using green plants as important decorative elements in furnishing a room. They choose large plants to punctuate a focal point or camouflage an architectural defect. Always select plants to the proper scale of your room and remember verdant plants give a home a touch of personality.

Announcing the Special April Short Story Issue

THE April 1960 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* will be the special short story number, with four outstanding stories being presented. Look for these stories in April:

"Uncle Matt and the China Doll," by Sylvia Probst Young
"To Die Before Thy Time," by Helen Bay Gibbons
"Room in Her Heart," by Shirley Thulin
"That Special Flavor," by Dorothy S. Romney.

An Ounce of Precaution

Mabel Harmer

THE members of the Marshall family were enjoying their usual sound sleep one night when the father was awakened by the smell of smoke. After arousing his wife, he rushed into the next room and jerked the two eldest boys out of bed.

He didn't take time to investigate whether or not there was any danger. He simply shouted, "Fire! Scoot!"

The lads grabbed bathrobes and scooted.

He went across the hall, picked up Debbie and Dina, the six-year-old twins, and followed the boys outside. He knew that Mrs. Marshall had already escaped with the baby and two-year-old Jean.

It had taken less than three minutes for all of the family to get out of the house. Only then did he go back inside to phone to the fire department.

How was it that each one knew exactly what to do in case of such an emergency? It was because Mr. Marshall had taken the precaution of holding a fire drill the very day the family had moved into the new home. It was still so new that the blaze had started from paint cloths left too close to a radiator. Fortunately, the fire was confined to one room. Still more fortunate —due to that ounce of precaution— the family escaped safely.

Almost every day, especially during the cold winter months, the newspapers carry headlines of death by fire. More often than not, the victims are children. Surely many of the deaths could be prevented.

What could be more simple than taking the family through a fire drill, showing them how to get out if the stairways, or other usual exits are cut off? Why not teach children such simple procedures as keeping their heads near the floor if a room is heavy with smoke, or, if possible, to put a wet towel over the nose and mouth to assist in breathing.

One young woman who lost her life in an apartment house fire, could have been saved if she and her husband had felt the door to find out if it was hot, before opening it to let in the death-dealing smoke. They could both have escaped through the window. As it was, he lost hold of her hand in the darkness and only he reached the window alive.

One more simple precaution. Everyone who is old enough should memorize the telephone number of the fire department. Often one is too excited to look it up correctly. Sometimes there are no lights by which one can look it up. The least anyone can do is to have the number on a card above the phone, along with that of the police department and the family doctor.

LAST year there was a total of over 35,000 deaths on the highway. Next to this avenue as an exit from life, the home takes dubious second honors as a setting for accidental death. If adults choose to risk their lives by improper wiring, driving through the night when half asleep, or climbing on unsteady ladders, there isn't much anyone

can do about it. But children are different. We should do everything in our power not only to protect them from danger, but also to teach them how to help protect themselves.

One conscientious young mother in our neighborhood has trained her children to come home and ask permission before eating any candy that may be given to them. She conceived the idea so that she could keep track of how much they ate, and when, but the rule paid off in another way. Five-year-old Ann was playing out with friends when they found some "candy" in a garbage can. Why people will be so criminally careless as to put dangerous pills or poison out where youngsters can get hold of them is beyond comprehension, but it does happen.

The other children urged Ann to eat the "candy" but, true to her training, she went home first to ask permission. The pills were labeled *For adults only, to be taken sparingly.* Had the child eaten them in any quantity, the result might have been disastrous.

How many children have been killed or maimed by having firearms pointed at them in play? One such tragedy occurred on Christmas day with a weapon that had been given as a gift. As is usually the case, this gun was "unloaded."

It is only common sense — although far too uncommonly exercised — to make sure that all firearms in the house are unloaded and are out of the reach of children. But one should go a step further than this and insist that, even in play, no child aims even a toy weapon at another child's head.

The dread of every parent is that a child may be molested by a sex pervert. It is not wise nor necessary to frighten a child unduly, but there are certain precautions that can and should be taken. Fortunately, many school officials are now taking the responsibility of teaching children how to avoid such dangerous encounters.

First of all, a child should be warned never to get into an automobile with a stranger. Even going for a visit in the same neighborhood, it is a simple matter to have the child telephone and let mother know that she has arrived at her friend's house.

Two small girls who lived in the suburbs had been instructed that they should never get into an automobile with anyone except friends of the family. When a man who lived in the same neighborhood, offered to drive them home from the end of the bus line, they accepted with provision, "First you must give us your telephone number, in case anything happens to us."

The neighbor gravely wrote down his phone number, then drove them safely home. Their mother impressed the warning a bit more deeply for the future.

THERE are certain danger spots besides automobiles that children should be warned about. Foremost among these are movie houses, rest rooms, and public parks. Recently, police dogs have been added to the force that patrols the parks of some cities. They are valuable in flushing out anyone who might be lurking in the shrubbery. When a movie is being shown that will attract a large audience of chil-

dren, the public safety department has a number of extra officers on hand.

At this writing, the body of a Camp Fire girl has been found, ravished and slain, while selling candy. How easy it would have been for some man to have invited her to step inside the house while he made a purchase. A friend of mine said that after she had invited a Girl Scout indoors to buy her cookies, she warned the girl never to go inside another house.

Almost every parent knows the anxiety and terror of having a child lost. In the great majority of cases children return home safely, even after an expedition into unknown streets; however, once in awhile they do not. As soon as he is able to do so a child should memorize his name and address. Even earlier, a simple precaution is to sew his name and address on a tape inside his clothing.

Always he should be taught that the policeman is his friend. It is hoped that there is no one so benighted in these days as to frighten a child into good behavior by the threat of calling a policeman.

While a dog may be man's best friend, a strange dog, on the other hand, may be a dangerous enemy. Every youngster should be cautioned against petting strange dogs. I shall never forget the agony I suffered when our three-year-old boy was attacked in the face by a strange dog. For some time we feared the sight in one eye might be gone. True, the dog was tied up and the child should not have gone near; but he didn't know that. We had failed to warn him that all dogs are not playmates.

In some places the irrigation ditches and streams claim the lives of an appalling number of tiny victims every year. Increased watchfulness on the part of parents is the most important thing that can be done to lessen the number of these tragedies. But there are some precautions that can be taken with older children, such as teaching them to swim.

Even in places where it is too far to swim to shore, a child who has learned to handle himself in water may be able to stay afloat and keep from getting panicky until help comes.

The rudiments of artificial respiration should be learned, for many a life has been saved by the simple method of breathing into the patient's mouth.

No one wants to turn a child into an "accident-chondriac," fearful that any move may send him to a hospital, but it is wise to teach safety rules persistently, one at a time, and parents should see that these rules are practiced. The rewards may be the saving of a life, and the life you save may be that of your own child.

Morning

Zara Sabin

Bird songs waken me — sparrow or lark,
Or maybe a robin or wren.
Coolness, like gauze, lies over the town.
Day is beginning again.

Offerings of the Heart

Frances C. Yost

MARJORIE Martin tied the bow under tiny Julie's chin and said, "There, the little sunbonnet Mommie made for you will keep those old freckles off Julie's smiling face." She patted her little daughter lovingly and added: "Have fun in the yard, Julie darling, and don't put anything in your mouth."

"Bye bye, Mommie," Julie mouthed the words joyfully. Her little face wreathed in smiles under the sunbonnet. "Back soon!" She was gone out into the warm morning sunshine.

"Julie talks very well for her age," Marjorie's mother-in-law said, as she picked up the dish towel to dry the dishes Marjorie had started washing.

"Yes, Julie does talk nicely," Marjorie agreed. "Why, she won't be two years old until July, and already she can make her every want known. Since Dan fenced in the back yard so securely, do you think I make a mistake turning her out alone, Mother Martin?"

"Why, I think she's all right for a spell, but she bears watching. All children do." Mother Martin laughed a little.

"I can watch her every movement while I wash the dishes here at the sink," Marjorie said. "Oh, oh, she's picking those nasty dandelions. It's just like her to cart them in the house, and want them stuck in a flower vase. Well, I'm not having the house overrun with those ugly weeds, as some doting mothers do! I'll nip bringing bouquets to mother before she starts." Marjorie quickly dried her hands and started for the door.

"Just a minute, Marjorie. I think I should tell you about Emily," Mother Martin said gravely.

"Who on earth is Emily?"

"Emily is a little girl I knew very well, long ago." Mother Martin kept drying dishes as she spoke, but her eyes had a faraway look. . . .

Emily didn't have a thing to give her mother, and she wanted so much to give her something nice, for Mother was always giving her something, or doing something for her. It was springtime, and the wild flowers were in bloom, and so Emily decided to gather a lovely bouquet of flowers for Mother, and give them with her love.

Emily started gathering the flowers, but the wild flowers were scattered. Emily was not even aware of the time or energy she was using as she climbed over crags and rocks and even walked where the ground was slippery and muddy for a pretty flower to add to her tiny bouquet. The day wasn't overly hot, but it took a long time to find the flowers, and some of the first ones had wilted in her sweaty little hands. At last Emily had a nice little bouquet of flowers of many colors, and proudly she retraced her steps towards home.

The walk, ordinarily, would have seemed long, but today Emily thought of the pretty smile on Mother's face when she would see the lovely little bouquet of wild flowers.

In her excitement, Emily forgot

the mud on her feet, forgot to clean them on the mat. Instead, she rushed into the house calling, "See what I have!"

"I see what you have, mud on your shoes!" Her mother expostulated. Mother came toward Emily, but she wasn't wearing her "nice-to-see-you-smile." Mother's face looked like the old cracked earthen bowl turned over. Then Mother spoke sharply: "Get those ugly weeds out of my house, and clean your feet before you come in. I've scrubbed and cleaned all day, and I'm tired!"

EMILY turned and ran from the house, still clutching the wild, wilted flowers in her hot, little hand. As she rushed toward the old woodshed, she felt tears splashing on her cheeks. She crept into the woodshed and shut the door tightly.

Emily had built a little playhouse in the corner, where the wood had been used, but she wasn't in the mood for playing house now. She wasn't crying aloud as she sometimes did. She was sobbing, big, gasping sobs that she could not control, could not stop. Emily fell exhausted on the slivery floor, and sobs shook her body, and the tears kept splashing on her cheeks.

Later, Emily laid out the flowers one by one on Daddy's greasy old work bench. Mother was right, they looked old now, but if the little flowers had a drink of water, they would look pretty. When she was all hot and tired, a drink of water made her look better, and feel better. The flowers were only thirsty and tired. They were not old and ugly, as Mother had said.

Just thinking of mother and the flowers made Emily start to cry all over again. But this time she just cried silently, inwardly. She had so wanted to surprise Mother, give her a nice present. Make her eyes light up and her face smile and smile and smile all day. . . .

Mother Martin's story culminated when a childish little knock was heard on the back door. Marjorie went to open it.

"Look, Mommie, flowers for you." Julie's face was wreathed with joy, as she extended a handful of dandelions to her mother.

"Why, Julie, these are pretty as primroses. Thank you so much, my little darling." Marjorie stooped to kiss the tiny forehead under the little sunbonnet. Then she turned to Mother Martin.

"Do you mind if I ask who was little Emily, of the generous heart?"

"I was christened Emily May. When I grew older I was just known as May," Mother Martin explained.

Marjorie's voice had an almost reverent quality when she said: "Thank you, Mother Martin, for teaching me a very important lesson in life."

Dreams

Celia Luce

IT is more important that I help my child to dream and teach him how to make his own dreams come true than that I fulfill all his dreams for him.

With a Song in My Heart

Mabel Law Atkinson

"DON'T say it, Granny. I know the understanding wife doesn't try to change her husband. She accepts him as he is and loves him. Of course I accept Reg and I love him too, very, very much, but I'm going to change him, Granny. You mark my words. I'm going to change him or my name isn't Bethesda Nichols Grover. There now, I feel better, that's off my mind."

"Will you make him entirely over, my dear, or just camouflage a few of his faults?"

"Darling Granny, you know my Reginald doesn't need *entirely making over*. He's almost perfect as he is, but he does have one dreadful fault." Beth paused for a moment then went on, "It isn't being disloyal, is it, Granny, to talk things over with you? You've always seemed to understand me perfectly. Perhaps it's because I was named after you. I love the name Bethesda, and almost wish I were not called Beth for short."

"My dear, of course you are not disloyal. Come, tell me all about your great big trouble with your handsome husband of only six months." Granny patted her arm.

"Granny, since we were married, Reg has been getting less romantic every day. Everything seems to be for utility with him, downright practical. And I thought romance and star dust and silver music and beautiful words would go on and on. . . ."

"And life would be one long, perfect day." Granny's eyes twinkled as she finished the sentence. "I know, my dear, for you see I thought the same."

"You, too, Granny? And did you get disappointed in one little way also? Is Grandpa like my Reg, all for utility?"

"Yes, my dear, that's what I thought at first. Of course, he needed his practicality, for he had so much to do in pioneering a new land, that he had little time for anything else. But, as the years have passed, I have come to know that his awkward, *utility* gestures are mostly on the surface and cover a most sensitive awareness to beauty. You must remember, my dear, a certain degree of utility or practicality is essential and praiseworthy, for people must eat and have homes and fuel and clothing. So be glad your Reginald is practical in most things."

"I am, Granny. Do you think it possible that perhaps Reg feels tender and beautiful beneath his practical and matter-of-fact veneer?"

"I wouldn't be at all surprised, Beth, my dear. Perhaps he's like my Robert was, afraid to show the real man for fear he'll be laughed at or not understood. Think it over, my dear."

"Tell me about Grandpa and his utility ways and how you have managed to change him into the tender and courteous lover he is today. Oh, but you two make a delightful couple, Granny, with your graying hair and your young-old smiling

faces. Tell me how you did it, Granny, for I want Reg and me to grow old sweetly together, too."

"My dear, there isn't much to tell. I don't remember, now, really trying to change my Robert at all. I just loved him all the more after his awkward attempts to be nonchalant about his love for me, and as a flower grows toward the sun, gradually he came toward my way of doing things until now he is a perfect husband, and the perfect father to his children—or as perfect as I would ever want him to be."

"But surely, Granny, he wasn't ever so thoughtless and *downright queer* as my Reg. Why, instead of giving me this watch wrapped up prettily, with a kiss and a 'Happy Birthday, darling,' he actually had it wrapped in brown paper and brought it in with the groceries when he came at noon. I didn't discover it until after he had gone back to work. Can you imagine that! Honestly, Granny, sometimes I wonder if he has a sense of beauty and appropriateness."

Granny was laughing inside, but only smiling with her lips as she replied, "His ways are *different* and *unique* at least. Did I ever tell you how your Grandpa gave me my watch several years after our marriage?" She fondly touched the small gold watch pinned to her dress a little below the left shoulder, as she spoke.

"No. Do tell me, Granny."

"All right. But bring us each a glass of milk and a plate of those cookies from the cookie jar, then we can eat as we talk."

* * * * *

"I had wanted a watch for years," Granny began, "but, of course, I knew we didn't have the money, just as I knew your grandpa didn't have the money for an engagement ring before we were married."

"And you didn't get an engagement ring at all?" Beth turned her diamond on her left hand as she asked the question.

"No, dear, and it didn't matter too much, not for long anyway, for I found so much joy in my work each day pioneering a new land, and in my babies as they came along, there was no time to grieve. You see, happiness doesn't depend on a ring. But, let me see. . . ." Granny paused. "I was telling about my watch, wasn't I? It was a lovely Christmas we had, with the tree touching the ceiling in the front room, and decorated with strung popcorn and chains made of red and green crepe paper, with red apples tied on the branches. We had five of our nine children then."

"But what about your watch, Granny? Did Grandpa give you one for Christmas?"

"Yes, Beth, he did, but you'll never guess *how* he gave it to me. It was an even more unique and *downright queer* way than the way your Reginald gave you yours."

"Do tell, Granny! Hurry!"

"From morning until midafternoon I wondered why Robert had forgotten to give me a present. There was none from him in my stocking nor under the tree. The children felt worse than I did, the smaller ones, because Santa had forgotten me.

"*Then we discovered it!* A large used envelope tied on to the tree with a sackstring—where the thick branches almost concealed it from view—bore the name 'Bethesda' in your grandpa's writing.

"I thought it was a joke, so I told Robert Jr. he could take it down and see what was in it, if he wished. 'No, Mama, it is for you. You must be the one to see it first,' he said, as he handed me the very practical and homely looking package.

"I glanced at your grandpa then. He was rather red in the face and looked quite chagrined and uncomfortable, but oh, the light of love and tenderness I saw in his eyes!

"I untied the string, and opened the envelope. I gave a gasp as I saw the most beautiful watch I had ever seen, far more beautiful than I had hoped to own, ever." Granny lovingly caressed the watch at her shoulder and went on, "A piece of paper fell out of the envelope and on it were these words:

> This watch I give you with my love
> And want you, dear, to know
> If it should fail you and should stop
> Your love can make it go.

"I looked at your grandpa again and saw him as he really was. In his eyes were love and tenderness, beauty and romance, with all his need for love and understanding. He was mutely telling me he needed my love and, with it, he could do and be anything I desired."

Beth interrupted with a whisper, "What did you do, Granny?"

"Holding my precious watch, I went to him and said, 'Put the chain around my neck, Robert, and pin the watch on my dress.' He did. Then I put my arms about him, kissed him and said, 'How I love you, Robert; and I need the strength of your love. Thank you, my dearest.' I was so happy I cried and I saw a tear roll down each of his cheeks.

"The children were about us then, and Robert smiled as he said, 'It's hard for me, Bethesda, to be the perfect companion, but I try and will keep on trying, and with your help I'll succeed.' "

* * * * *

"OPEN this, my dear, and see if I've improved a little through the years." It was Grandpa who entered and gave Beth's grandmother a long, narrow box, white tissue wrapped and silver ribboned.

"It's my gift to you, Bethesda, for putting up with me and loving me for fifty years." He kissed her gently as he spoke.

"But, Robert," Granny said softly, "it isn't our golden wedding anniversary yet, not for another three months, remember?"

"But it was fifty years ago today that I told you I loved you and found out that you loved me. I should have given this to you then. Will you accept it now, my dear?"

Granny's fingers trembled with excitement as she removed the wrappings and took the lid off the box, then with a quick intake of breath, she cried, "How beautiful! Oh, how breathtakingly beautiful! One long-stemmed, perfect red rose! The red rose of love! Oh, my dear, you couldn't have given me anything more beautiful." Her eyes twinkled as she looked at her granddaughter and continued, "Nor more romantic. Thank you, Robert." She drew him down to her and kissed his forehead.

"Granny," Beth asked, her eyes shining, "is it my imagination or is something flashing in the very center of your rose?"

Granny inspected the rose and cried happily as a girl, "It's a ring,

Robert! A diamond ring, sure as sure! A high Tiffany setting as they used to wear. It's my engagement ring! Oh, bless your dear, romantic heart!"

Granny didn't need to tell her husband what to do next. Without another word, he took the ring and placed it on her finger with the plain gold band, gave her another kiss, and said, "There, now, that debt of love is paid."

"You darlings!" Beth said the words impulsively as she kissed them both, then continued, "Thank you, Granny, and you too, Grandpa. I'm going home to my Reg now . . . with a song in my heart."

A Peppermint-Stick Party

Helen S. Williams

PLEASE come to Florence's ice-cream and peppermint-stick party. If you do, your eyes will open wide and your mouth will water. The table will be surprisingly different, and everything will look good enough to eat, for Florence's parties for children are unforgettable.

At this peppermint party, the table will be covered with a round red and white striped cloth made of chintz and edged with fringe. In the center of the table a graceful oak branch set into a round of wood will hold the ice-cream-cone decoration.

The tree and base will be sprayed a fabulous pink and will hold ice-cream cones hanging from each branch. They look just like real ice-cream cones. Each will be filled with a scoop of pink styrofoam which stays in the cone with the help of glue. The cones will be fastened to the branches with fine florist wire that has been stuck right through the cone then wound around the branch.

Nestled within the tree sprigs and above the cones, will be little pink artificial rosebuds which give the tree a dainty and festive appearance.

Over to the side of the table will stand a holder for the peppermint chews and candy canes. What a novel and different way to serve candy to little ones. This tiered dish was made with different sizes of round pieces of wood held firmly in place by fastening the wood to the rod. It was sprayed with that same beautiful fabulous pink spray paint so easy to use.

The bright red and white striped peppermints and the candy canes that hang over the edges of this epergne will catch the fancy of young eyes and hearts.

Hal Rumel

A PEPPERMINT-STICK PARTY

Arrangement by Florence C. Williams

Standing jauntily on the top tier will be the little man on the ball of styrofoam. His mouth is made of felt, his eyes and nose of beads, and he will be listening to all the "Oh's" and "Ah's" through his ears of peppermint life savers. On his head is his cunning hat — a peppermint chew with a gay twisted tissue for its trimming.

All the children will receive a favor, of course, because Florence believes that everyone invited to a party should take home some little gift as a reminder of the afternoon — so the favors will be little men just like the one perched on top of the candy dish. They will stand in a half ball of styrofoam as a base, and their feet will be life savers also.

Refreshments? Dainty sandwiches made in strips of bread with minced ham filling — pink punch and, of course, strawberry ice-cream cones.

So, please come to Florence's ice-cream party, or give one yourself for your children or neighbors.

You will have fun preparing for it, and the children will love you just as they love Florence for such a nice invitation and for such a delightfully different kind of party.

Kathryn A. Carne — Artist, Nurse, Homemaker

KATHRYN A. Carne, Seattle, Washington, lives the Relief Society motto "Charity Never Faileth." She has used her nursing skills and training to care for her friends and neighbors and to serve the community. During the First World War she was head of a Red Cross Emergency Hospital, and during the Second World War she served as a full-time Red Cross worker. She was manager of a nursing home for seven years. As a mother and foster mother her love and care have been unbounded. In addition to her own daughter, she has reared six otherwise homeless girls, and a grandson, who lived in her home for twelve years. She also provided for the education of the six foster daughters.

Mrs. Carne is a gifted painter, specializing in landscapes, and floral and fruit subjects. Her work exemplifies much ability in design and the use of color. She has also made more than twelve hundred beautiful aprons, thirty-one quilts, six afghans, several crocheted bedspreads, many hooked and braided rugs, six crocheted dinner cloths, and has made the needle point covers for many chairs. Her Church work has included service as counselor and as work meeting leader in her ward Relief Society.

This I Know

Mabel Jones Gabbott

I have seen a burnished sunset glow
Then die, slowly, like famished embers, hushed
And still; and felt the soft snow, as it brushed
Against my hand, then watched it melt and go;
I have seen the petals of the rose
Drop one by one, their copper, gold, and rust
Curled and crumbled into fragrant dust
That pricks beneath boys' summer-barefoot toes.

With each I grieve a little; I wonder why.
Tomorrow's light will quicken with the dawn,
The running snow will wake a new rose leaf;
So, too, the sudden tender look, your shy
Quick grin, your oft told words — that now seem gone —
I shall know again. So why this grief?

The New Day

Chapter 6

Hazel K. Todd

Synopsis: Lynn Marlow, a dress designer in Chicago, who is engaged to David Talbot, returns to Springdale, her home town, to visit her Aunt Polly and to find out if she has really forgotten an early love for Johnny Spencer. Johnny had married a Southern girl and she had died, leaving two children. Lynn meets the children, and, finally, visits with Johnny, who is bitter and withdrawn. Lynn decides that, although she loves David, she must help Johnny to find himself again. She goes with the children to visit a turkey's nest.

THE old turkey was not so anxious for curious onlookers on her private domain as was Peter. She struck her snake-like head out and hissed her displeasure.

"It's just because you're different," Peter explained. "She doesn't care when Lindy and me look at her."

"I think we shouldn't bother her," Lynn suggested. "She might leave her nest and not come back."

The nest was hidden in the rocks in the forked roots of an old juniper tree. As they turned to leave, Lindy fell down and cut her knee on a sharp rock.

Lynn picked the sobbing child up in her arms. "Don't cry, Lindy dear," she soothed, wiping the tears from her eyes with her handkerchief. "Let's get away where we won't bother that grudging old hen and then we can see what's happened to that poor unfortunate knee, that's always getting hurt."

A safe distance from the turkey nest, Lynn sat down on a big rock and began wiping the dirt from the injured knee. There was blood on her dress and a deep cut in the little knee.

"We'd better put something on it," Peter suggested, patting his sister's head. "Daddy always puts a bandaid on it when it bleeds."

"I'm sure that would be a good idea," Lynn agreed. "Can you take her to the house and fix it up, Peter?"

"Oh, I always get it all messed up. You'd better do it."

Lynn had a frustrated, helpless feeling, as though she were being dragged into an inevitable pattern of events from which there would be no escape. It was too easy to love these children.

Lindy was clinging onto her with her arms tight around her neck. And Peter was waiting expectantly.

There was but one thing to do. She breathed a little sigh and started after Peter.

In the house Lynn set the little girl on the cupboard by the sink and looked at the cut again. "I am afraid this is too big for a bandaid. Do you have some gauze?"

Peter brought her gauze and a tube of iodine. "Dad always puts this on when we hurt us, even if we cry."

As soon as Lindy saw the iodine she began to cry again. "I don't want it! I don't want it!" she cried and started scooting across the cupboard.

Lynn laid the tube down. "Let

your Daddy put some on when he comes home."

In a few minutes she had the knee all wrapped up and Lindy had ceased her tears.

Lynn lifted her gently to the floor. "I must go now."

The cuckoo bird from the clock on the wall chirped once, and Lynn looked up, surprised to find it was 11:30.

She hesitated. "Is your father coming home for dinner?"

"No. But he left some sandwiches in the frig," Peter said.

Leaving two children alone at dinner time wasn't right. Lynn pondered thoughtfully a minute. Should she take them home to have dinner with Aunt Polly? That would antagonize Johnny, she was sure, and besides, she was only drawing the children closer to her.

Peter was watching her closely. She couldn't stand here in this undecided manner. And then the idea came to her. It was farfetched and unreal, but she seized it quickly.

"Peter," she said, opening cupboard doors until she had fished out a small pan, "take Lindy and run down by the turkey nest and pick some of the strawberries, will you? They would taste very good with the sandwiches."

AS soon as the children were gone, she went quickly to the telephone and began thumbing through the phone book, until her finger stopped at the hospital number.

She reached for the receiver and then stopped. How could she hope for such a fantastic idea to work! For a second more she hesitated, and then she took the receiver from the hook and repeated the number she had found.

"I would like to speak to Miss MayRee Richins," she said, and waited while they went to find her, almost wishing they would be unable to do so.

But in a few minutes she heard the cheery "hello."

"This is Lynn Marlow, MayRee," Lynn said, gulping to keep her voice steady.

"Why, Lynn, I heard you were back in Springdale. It is nice of you to call."

"I am calling about Johnny," Lynn said.

There was a moment's silence. And then, "That is a strange thing for you to be calling me about, Lindy Marlow."

"Oh, MayRee, please try to understand. I have no interest in Johnny . . . er . . . that is, I mean I am going to marry someone else."

She finished lamely, feeling that she had bungled the whole thing.

"Well?" MayRee was still waiting for an explanation.

"Aunt Polly told me you had tried to help Johnny, that you had both tried and he refused to be helped."

"I am afraid, Lindy, you are the only one who could help Johnny."

"Would you be willing to try once more? Does it mean anything to you, that you would try?"

Again there was a hesitation and then MayRee said, "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to come to his house and have dinner with his children."

There was a gasp, and then MayRee said, "Johnny would annihilate me!"

"Please give it a try, MayRee. Look, I have sent the children after

strawberries. There are sandwiches in the frig. You can fix something to go with it. Tell them something happened and I had to go back to Aunt Polly's. Could you be here by the time they come back with the berries."

"It's the craziest thing I ever heard of."

"But you will do it?"

"I guess he can't do more than send me home."

As she walked along through the clover to Aunt Polly's, Lynn felt strangely relieved, and yet, almost guilty toward the children who had so quickly come to trust her. Farther on across the meadow she turned to look back at the house, and saw the car stop at the picket gate. As she watched MayRee's trim figure step from the car, she remembered, with an odd sort of feeling, the few jealous pangs she had felt for this girl in those long ago years. She turned back again, with a half smile, and quickened her footsteps to Aunt Polly's.

ALL afternoon she debated with herself whether to call David or whether to wait to see what happened to MayRee.

And then Johnny came.

He stood at the door and demanded that she come with him.

"Why, of course I will, Johnny," she said. "I'm so glad you called."

Aunt Polly came forward a little shakily. "Johnny," she said, "It is so good to have you come. Please sit down a minute."

But he didn't sit down. He just stood there in the door a hundred miles away, and waited.

In the car he kept his eyes straight ahead on the road, and he made no movement toward her and said no word. A half dozen times Lynn planned a way to begin, like "*Johnny, you have such lovely children,*" or "*Johnny, couldn't we just talk calmly?*" or "*Johnny, it is so good to see you again.*" But the chasm was too deep between them. She was sure anything she said would be the wrong thing.

By the time he stopped the car before the drug store, she had given up saying anything. *I'll just have to wait,* she thought.

She followed while he led her to their booth and they sat opposite each other.

Mr. Jensen stared at them in astonishment and rubbed his chin nervously with his hand.

"We want strawberry sodas," Johnny said calmly, "with pink straws."

He looked sternly at Mr. Jensen who seemed to be petrified for the moment. "Did you hear?"

Mr. Jensen jumped then. "Oh, sure, *two* strawberry sodas."

Lynn looked at her soda thoughtfully. *I may as well begin somewhere,* she thought.

"Johnny, it's almost like old times," she said, "I mean, drinking sodas like this."

"Only it isn't like old times," he said bitterly, looking at her keenly.

"Why, Johnny, I. . . ." She gazed into his strained face. "No, I guess it isn't, is it?"

She dropped her eyes wearily into her lap. *There is no way to reach him,* she thought.

He was leaning forward toward her across the table. A lock of his dark hair falling over his forehead.

"It can never be like old times, can it, Lynn?"

And suddenly she realized he was

asking her to go back to the old relationship.

She looked at him sadly. Her heart ached for him. "No, Johnny," she said, "it can never be just like old times."

"Then why did you come back? Why did you come to my home?"

"I came back — not of my own choosing — but because I had to know."

He looked at her awhile then, almost in utter weariness.

"Well, now that you know, I will thank you to leave me alone, you and MayRee and everyone else."

"But Johnny, we would all like to help you. Your children, you can't do this to them."

He had risen from the table.

"Johnny," she said in a last effort to reach him. "Oh, don't you see, nothing is hopeless. True, we can never go back to the past. It wouldn't be what we wanted anyway. We must always go on. This is a new day with new promises, new. . . ."

"Come on," he said, "I will take you home."

She looked at him sadly. "No, Johnny, Mr. Jensen will take me home," she said.

He turned then, and walked out into the spring evening.

She looked at Mr. Jensen, standing helplessly before her.

He shook his head sadly and fumbled with the napkin on the table.

"It's no use," she said. And then, "Do you mind if I call David before we go?"

"No, Lindy," he said. "I'll just wait here."

He sat down at the table and drummed aimlessly on it with his fingers.

IT was wonderful to hear David's voice again. It seemed like half a lifetime since she had last heard it. And the eagerness with which he said her name brought new peace.

"Oh, David," she said with tears suddenly coming, "I want so much for you to come and get me! Please leave tonight!"

And then all the past heartaches and joys, all the years she had lived, all the problems she had experienced, came to her assistance and she was able to give to David the assurance of her love, pure and sweet in its entirety; save only one heartache which remained for the man she had been unable to free from bondage of the past.

She found Aunt Polly waiting on the red couch.

"I just called David," Lynn said. "I am going home tomorrow."

Aunt Polly nodded her head slowly.

"I — I think I will go to bed," Lynn said then. "I will need to get up early and pack."

"Yes," Aunt Polly said, laying down her apron on the chair. Then she came over and kissed Lynn on the forehead as she used to do when she was a little girl. "It has been wonderful to have you even for a week."

"But Aunt Polly, I'll come back often now."

Aunt Polly was gone, then, leaving her standing with the tears falling softly down her cheeks.

She picked up the checkered apron from the chair, held it to her face, wiped her tears on it, and then cried new ones quietly into its folds. "Dear, dear Aunt Polly," she whispered.

(To be concluded)

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Hulda Parker, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for January 1958, page 47, and in the *Handbook of Instructions of the Relief Society*.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Emma A. Hanks

GULF STATES MISSION, LAREDO (TEXAS) BRANCH SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT MUSIC FOR RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE, November 1, 1959

Front row, left to right: Connie Mitchell, Secretary-Treasurer; Dee McBride, Barbara McCrae; Kay White, President.

Back row, left to right: Joyce Box, accompanist; Barbara Jones, Second Counselor; Belle Fashender, First Counselor; Dorrine Hanley, director.

Emma A. Hanks, President, Gulf States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Singing Mothers of the Laredo Branch Relief Society sang two numbers for the November Relief Society Conference. All these women, except one, are wives of Air Force men. They work very hard and are to be commended for their efforts."

Photograph submitted by Ruth T. Oscarson

SWEDISH MISSION, DISTRICT LEADERS WORKSHOP LUNCHEON, STOCKHOLM, Autumn 1959

Seated at the table, beginning at the lower left: Edith Nilsson, Stockholm District; Signe Gustavsson, Goteborg District; Polly Thelander, Sundsvall District; Signe Edlund, Jonkoping District; Linnea Wiklund, Gavle District; Ruth T. Oscarson, former President, Swedish Mission Relief Society; Karin Larsson, secretary to former President Oscarson. Gunnel Olausson, Norrkoping District; Sister Larsson, Malmo District; Gartrud Ekelund, Karlskrona District; Judith Lindberg, Lulea District.

Sister Oscarson reports: "We met here in Stockholm ready to begin our meeting at nine o'clock in the morning, and held meetings all day, where we discussed and planned our work for the coming year. The luncheon was between meetings. Everyone enjoyed the meetings and they all feel that they gain a great deal by meeting together."

Sister Oscarson was released from her duties in the Swedish Mission shortly after this photograph was taken. The new Relief Society President is Ellen S. Omer.

Photograph submitted by June R. Shepherd

MONTPELIER STAKE (IDAHO) FASHION SHOW AND HANDWORK DISPLAY

Front row, beginning eighth from the left: Louisa Stephens, a former Montpelier Stake Relief Society president; Gertrude Teuscher, First Counselor, Montpelier Stake

Relief Society; June R. Shepherd, President; Utahna Anthony, Second Counselor.

Sister Shepherd reports: "Under the direction of Utahna Anthony, Stake Work Director Counselor, and Evelyn Kunz, stake work meeting leader, all of the ward Relief Societies and one "home" Relief Society participated in one of the most colorful events on the season's calendar of the Montpelier Stake Relief Society. The occasion featured a fashion show and a display of handwork items made by members of the organization.

"The skit 'Relief Society — Why,' a reading 'Stitching,' and special musical selections introduced the fashion show. There were forty two entries. Each style was detailed as it was modeled. Styles were varied, distinctive, and expertly tailored, featuring everything to wear, from casuals to wedding dresses for the women, suits for the little master, and frilly fluffs in both single and sister sets for the dainty little misses. All types of handwork were on display: quilts, embroidery work, applique, tatting, crocheting, knitting, weaving, painting, ceramics, leather work, artificial flowers, foam rubber, plastic items, and a variety of Christmas ornaments.

"At the conclusion of the festivities, refreshments were served from an attractively decorated table, featuring the Relief Society in blue and metallic gold. Approximately five hundred members were in attendance."

Photograph submitted by Anna W. Bentley

NORTHERN MEXICAN MISSION, MONTERREY DISTRICT VISITING TEACHERS CONVENTION, September 30, 1959

Front row, seated, left to right, five Mission Relief Society Board officers: Juana Vallejo, Monterrey District representative; Alfa Loya, Secretary Treasurer; Carmen Vega, Second Counselor; Rula McClellan, First Counselor; Anna W. Bentley, President, Northern Mexican Mission Relief Society; Four Relief Society branch presidents: Maria Lackner, Rosa C. de Luna, Margarita R. Chavez, and Sara E. de Hoyos.

Sister Bentley reports: "Enclosed is a picture of our Relief Society sisters from four branches in and near Monterrey. It was taken September 30, 1959, at the time of our District Visiting Teachers Convention. The more distant branches in the district held their conventions individually in their own branches. This was the first visiting teachers convention of the Monterrey District and was conducted by our mission board district representative Sister Juana Vallejo of Nuevo Repueblo. The spirit was beautiful among the sisters and genuine sisterhood was felt by all. Included in the program was a new song 'My Prayer for Today,' also a short drama depicting true compassionate service. . . . We love the *Magazine* and eagerly await its arrival each month. Many of our dear sisters read English enough to be on our mailing list."

Photograph submitted by Melvina Dust

GRANITE PARK STAKE (SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH) VISITING TEACHERS HONORED AT CONVENTION, November 16, 1959

Front row, seated, left to right: Hattie Guest; Miriam Allgood; Arminta Waters.

Back row, standing, left to right: Clara Bleak; Melba Jacobson; Margaret Smith; Elizabeth Aiken.

Melvina Dust, President, Granite Park Stake Relief Society, reports: "We featured a demonstration of a visiting teachers meeting by the visiting teachers and presidency of the Southgate Ward. This was followed by a presentation of the film 'Unto the Least of These.' All of the visiting teachers who had served more than twenty years were given special recognition. Seventy one were honored with 'Visiting Teacher' and the number of years of service stamped in gold on a blue ribbon badge. The sisters in the above photograph have all served for fifty years or more as visiting teachers. Sister Allgood has served for fifty-three years. Two hundred and twelve sisters attended the convention. Attractive tables, with cut glass punch bowls centering them, and decorated with autumn leaves, were used for serving refreshments. Everyone attending was deeply moved by the film, and each one left the convention with a determination to serve the Lord to a greater extent in visiting teaching."

A Quick Fade-Out

Sylvia Pezoldt

Oops! You've written the wrong thing — or made a blot right on that lovely card. Don't throw it away! A twist of cotton around the end of a toothpick dipped in ordinary household bleach will whisk away most ink stains. Some ink requires several applications — and some ink just doesn't respond, but it's worth a try. The bleach will remove color, too, so don't try it on any but white paper.

Books for the Church Pianist

( ) Church Pianist—Stults 1.50
( ) Eighteen Hymn Transcriptions—Kohlmann ..... .85
( ) Famous Sacred Songs—Peery 1.25
( ) Melodies For Church and Home—Shelley 1.00
( ) More Concert Transcriptions of Favorite Hymns—Kohlmann .. 1.00
( ) Piano Hymn Voluntaries—Lorenz 1.50
( ) Piano Transcriptions of Your Favorite Hymns—Parsons 1.25
( ) Preludes, Offertories, Postludes—Schaum .. .85
( ) Preludes, Offertories, Postludes—Stickles .. 1.25
( ) Sacred Piano Album for Home and Church—Gahm 1.50
( ) Sacred Piano Solos—Rettenberg 1.00
( ) Sabbath Day Music—Randolph 1.50
( ) Sunday Piano Music—Boston 1.25
( ) Tranquil Hours—Presser 1.50
( ) Twenty-Four Voluntaries—Stickles 1.50

Music Sent on Approval

Use this advertisement as your order blank

DAYNES MUSIC COMPANY
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

Please send the music indicated above.
☐ On Approval ☐ Charge
☐ Money Enclosed

Name .....
Address .....
City & State .....

Daynes Music Company
15 E. 1st South
Salt Lake City 11, Utah

40 Shades of Plastic Foam

Foam 1/8"x39" wide—10 yards..$8.00
Foam 1/8"x39" wide—1/3 yard .30; 1/2 yard .45; 1 yard .90
Foam Strips, for pillow tops—3" wide ..... .10
Tote Bags, tiny size ..... .25
Complete selection of bags, baskets, mats, doilies, to weave and decorate.
Dacron Bats, 72"x90" 2.49
Greeting Cards, 30 card assortment 1.00
Ginghams, Dan River Checks, Reg. 1.19 yard ..... .79
Plastic Crystlettes .....pkg. .35
Granite Gems, colored .....pkg. .25

"IDEA of the MONTH," by Elva M. Tingey, A new and exciting craft idea each month, complete with materials, and instructions. $1.00

All prices plus postage

Exchange Idea Day at our store, April 5, 1960

Handicraft, Hobby Supplies
Toys — Cards — Gifts

TINGEY'S COUNTRY STORE

"Handicraft Center of the West"
3456 North State Highway 91
Lehi, Utah Phone PO 8-2852

Spring Tour

Mesa, St. George and Los Angeles. Leaves on March 19, 1960.

Hawaii Tour

Tour leaving June 1960.

Mexican Tour

June 1960. Also student tour in June 1960. Visit Book of Mormon places.

Guatemala

Book of Mormon Archeological Sites. Tour leaving August 1960.

Hill Cumorah

Tour leaving July 1960.

For itinerary write or phone:

ESTHER JAMES TOURS

460 7th Avenue
Salt Lake City 3, Utah
Phone: EM 3-5229

Birthday Congratulations

One Hundred One

Mrs. Emma Hansgen
Provo, Utah

Ninety-six

Mrs. Nellie Tootiwena
Portgage, Utah

Mrs. Nancy Mann Kartchner
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety-four

Mrs. Hattie Amelia Bushnell Foster
Belleville, Ontario
Canada

Mrs. Zenia Rawson Chugg
Farr West, Utah

Mrs. Alice G. Smith
Logan, Utah

Ninety-three

Mrs. Emma Ellwood Hill
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Eva Barton Groesbeck
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Catherine Heggie Griffiths
Clarkston, Utah

Ninety-two

Mrs. Annie Woods Westover
Mesa, Arizona

Mrs. Marie Jensen
Shelley, Idaho

Ninety-one

Mrs. Sarah Ann Schaefer Clark
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Mary Lemon Lee
Brigham City, Utah

Mrs. Louise Park Brockbank Reynolds
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety

Mrs. Selina Elizabeth Saniger Phillips
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Annie Mecham Paskett
Hyrum, Utah

Mrs. Florence Cornell Knight
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Mary Jane Crowther Durfee
Aurora, Utah

Mrs. Olive Pace Schoettlin
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Lottie Huntington Lambson
Orem, Utah

Bubbles

Christie Lund Coles

Child, let us blow the bubbles high,
A shimmering, gleaming bit of sky;

A rainbow captured in a sheen
Of rose and gold, and blue and green;
A bright, translucent glistening,
As delicate as skies in spring;

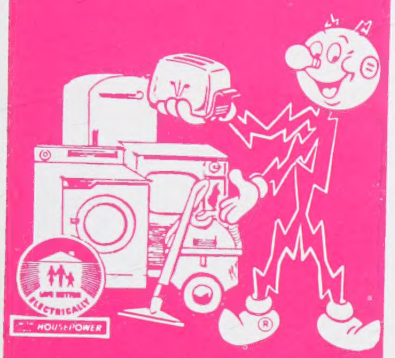
A circle, round as earth made new,
True as childhood trust is true.

Spring

Nancy W. Wilcox

Spring came to my house today,
Strolled right through the door
And sat down as if to stay
And rest awhile and chat
With me about this and that.
(Last night the weatherman said
There might be cold winds or rain
Or perhaps a touch of frost.)
Spring just smiled her sunny smile
And didn't seem to care,
Wore her newest bright green dress,
Blue violets in her hair.

GET FULL HOUSEPOWER



UTAH POWER & LIGHT CO.

Vida Fox Clawson Travel Center

Dear Friend:

If you are interested in HAWAII, remember we have tours going every month.

EUROPEAN TOUR

1960 is a most important year for a trip to Europe because of the PASSION PLAY at Oberammergau, Germany, which is given only once every ten years.

HISTORIC TOURS

Send for a day by day HISTORIC TOUR PROGRAM — all of which will include the HILL CUMORAH PAGEANT.

Programs for 1960 are ready for Europe, Hawaii, and Historic Train and Bus Tours.

Write or Phone:

VIDA FOX CLAWSON

216 South 13th East
Salt Lake City 2, Utah
Phone: DA 8-0303

• BEAUTIFUL
• HANDY
• DURABLE

A sure way of keeping alive the valuable instruction of each month's *Relief Society Magazine* is in a handsomely bound cover. The Mountain West's first and finest bindery and printing house is prepared to bind your editions into a durable volume.

Mail or bring the editions you wish bound to the Deseret News Press for the finest of service.

Cloth Cover—$2.50; Leather Cover—$3.80

Advance payment must accompany all orders. *Please include postage according to table listed below if bound volumes are to be mailed.*

Distance from Salt Lake City, Utah	*Rate*
Up to 150 miles	.35
150 to 300 miles	.39
300 to 600 miles	.45
600 to 1000 miles	.54
1000 to 1400 miles	.64
1400 to 1800 miles	.76
Over 1800 miles	.87

Leave them at our conveniently located uptown office.

Deseret News Press

Phone EMpire 4-2581

33 Richards St. Salt Lake City 1, Utah

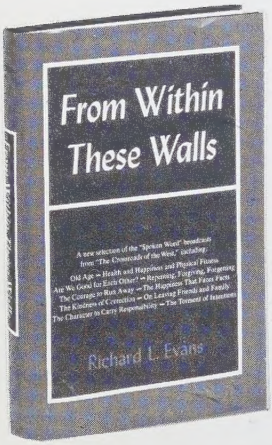
LEARN TO TYPEWRITE

Beginning and advanced classes start soon. Type your letters, minutes, reports, genealogy sheets, etc.

LDS BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main — EM 3-2765
Salt Lake City, Utah

BANCROFT LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
BERKELEY 4 CALIFORNIA



A NEW BOOK FROM ELDER RICHARD L. EVANS

FROM WITHIN THESE WALLS

This latest (Eighth) volume contains a ne selection of the "Spoken Word" broadcasts fro "The Crossroads of the West," including: O Age; Health and Happiness and Physical Fi ness; Are We Good for Each Other?; Repentim Forgiving, Forgetting. Other selections.

3.0

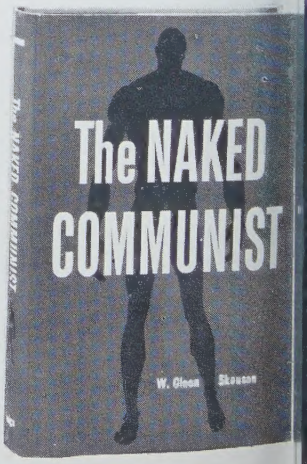
NEWLY REVISED THE NAKED COMMUNIST

W. CLEON SKOUSEN

The incredible story of Communism is fully r vealed in this newly-revised book that explai Communism's amazing appeal, its history, basic and unchanging concepts, and its secr time-table of conquest. An additional chapt now gives a report on Nikita Kruschev's rece visit to the United States.

4.9

Deseret Book Co.
44 East South Temple -- Salt Lake City Utah



DESERET BOOK COMPANY
44 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find . . . check . . . money order . . . I have an account. Please charge. Amount enclosed $..... for
☐ From Within These Walls ☐ The Naked Communist.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Residents of Utah include 2½% sales tax.